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THE IMPENDING WAR BETWEEN CHINA AND JAPAN: NATIVE MARKET NEAR SEOUL, COREA.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is not always that the courage of one's opinions endures till our closing scene, which renders noteworthy this statement in the will of a Leicester millionaire recently deceased: "I bequeath nothing to charities, being of opinion that I have done my share in my life, and disapproving of posthumous charities." It is bold of a rich man to say that he has done his share of giving; the man in the Scriptures who gave tithes of all that he possessed no doubt imagined that he was behaving very handsomely, and most of us will be inclined to agree with him; but the proverb, "He gives twice who gives quickly," may be well paraphrased, "He gives twice while he is 'quick'"—i.e., alive. Testamentary charity has always, a flavour of insurance, and, moreover, it is a luxury that must necessarily be indulged in at somebody else's expense. This was not understood in former times, when the Pious Founder died not only in the odour of sanctity, but highly approved of by everybody but his nearest relations.

It is no wonder that the discovery of the bacillus in railway-carriages by the German doctors is being worked by the companies to their advantage; for, since people must travel, it is well they should know that the lower the class they patronise the more bacteria they have for their travelling companions. In the fourth class the number of these interesting creatures is estimated roughly at twelve thousand to the square metre; in the third class at five thousand; in the second at four thousand; and in the first at two thousand five hundred. It is clearly safer, therefore, to pay the higher rates, though, as to the bacteria, there seems a considerable reduction for taking a quantity.

In former days literature and illustration did not move hand in hand, as at present. Admirable Crichtons who could wield pen and pencil with equal skill were rare. In the "Keepsakes," which represented our present magazines, literature was commonly made the handmaid of Art. The artist drew the picture and the man of letters wrote the story for it, though he secretly disliked the job, and was of opinion that it was putting the cart before the horse. One of the earliest combinations of literary and artistic humour by the same hand that I can call to mind was "The Language of Mathematics," which delighted my undergraduate days. Whether the pictures or the letterpress was the wittier one could hardly say, but the ingenuity which rendered mathematical problems the vehicle of humour was most striking and original. It was certainly novel to find the illustration of the sweetheating of a kitchen-maid and a peeler described as "an area swept out by a heavenly body under the influence of the force P." You did not need to be a mathematician to understand the allusions, any more than one requires to be a student of history to appreciate Carlyle's "French Revolution"; you took the facts for granted, and were thankful. Why the book has not been reprinted (since mathematics are pretty much what they were) is one of the few things that still surprise me. To the same brain—which except, I believe, as regards art-criticism, has for many years lain fallow—we are now indebted for a patchwork poem from Shakspeare, called "Time and the Hour," which, though all quotation, is much more original than most poems. As a much better student of Shakspeare than I am has said of it, "It produces a sense of giddiness as you fly from play to sonnet. I think our common friend Bottom could not have woven more ingeniously, nor could the joiner have dovetailed better. The author must have been in a very conjunctive mood." Here is the beginning only—

Thou, by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know
Time's thievish progress to eternity.
And they that watch see Time how slow it creeps.
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven.
[Thus] I do count the clock that tells the time
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night.
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded Time.
Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end.
Time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And, with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer. Time is a very bankrupt,
And owes more than he's worth to Season; nay,
He is a thief too. Have you not heard men say
That Time comes stealing on by night and day?
Let's take the instant by the foreward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
Steals, ere we can effect them. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then borne in it.
[But who] can look into the seeds of Time
And say which grain will grow and which will not?
Make use of Time, let not advantage slip;
Take all the swift advantage of the hours.

It seems as easy, and runs as naturally as though it were in unbroken sequence, but only very few admirers of the Swan of Avon could lay their finger, as the author has done, on a hundred lines upon the same topic and weave them into a single poem.

There are probably persons still alive who can remember when climbing was thought anything but an attractive occupation, and was even associated with crime. A climbing boy was a sweep's slave and exposed to great

tyrannies. When the chimney was narrow, or had a rectangular bend in it, the boy had to be encouraged to exertion by putting straw into the grate and setting fire to it: the flame caught his little legs and made him lively. The last reference to this class of victim in fiction was probably in "Oliver Twist," who was very nearly apprenticed to a chimney-sweeper in want of an assistant of this description; but in former years the novelists made a great deal of "copy" out of these unfortunate boys. They were generally stolen in infancy from titled parents and put to this terrible trade, in which they suffered unheard-of cruelties until that happy day when, being engaged to sweep the chimneys of their own ancestral castle, they met with some convenient accident which caused them to be washed and recognised. If any of these boys had been told that a day would come when people would climb for pleasure, they would have "put their thumb unto their nose and spread their fingers out." Their notion of civilisation was the long brush with joints in it, that was invented by the Ramoneur Association, which, had it existed at the same epoch, might be said to have been in direct antagonism to the Alpine Club.

It is about fifty years ago, I suppose, that Englishmen began to climb for climbing's sake. It is a pleasure that, to the looker-on, seems to be taken rather sadly. Climbers are grave and silent, and after even the most successful expedition give one the impression of being glad that it is over and no bones broken. If you ask them what they think about when they have attained some hitherto inaccessible path, and beheld the world spread out before them in all its glory, they reply, "Dinner"; but this, perhaps, is cynicism, or their way of reproving a non-climbing creature for inquiring into high subjects in which he can have no concern. They are not very gentle even with their own brotherhood, for when one of them gets old and past his work, but is still naturally inclined to talk about it at the common table, they describe him as having fallen into his *table d'hôteage*. Indeed, it must be confessed that there is a certain brutality about all pedestrians. Who ever heard of a walker waiting for his fellow while he tied his shoe or emptied a pebble out of it? On the contrary, he seizes on the opportunity to increase the space between them. They never laugh and rarely speak to one another, for they have no breath to spare. Climbers, of course, have reason to be still more reticent; they are not communicative with the rest of the world, and only ask of it one question on setting forth perhaps on some expedition in which they are fated to leave it for ever, "Have you given us rope enough?"

Hitherto they have been an aristocratic, or at least an exclusive, class. Nothing at home was worth their serious attention. Their world began with the Alps, and extended to the Himalayas, but as to the mountains in their own country, they were utterly beneath their notice. They had about the same contempt for the Lake District as for Holland. It has now been discovered, however, that one can get very good climbing in England at a much less cost than five pounds apiece *per diem* (for guides, ropes, and provisions), and though not with the same risk of one's body never being discovered, with excellent chances of a broken neck. In a really admirable little volume—"Climbing in the British Isles," by Mr. Haskett Smith, a member of the Alpine Club—he tells us, "Ice-manship can only be acquired through a long apprenticeship, by tramping many a weary mile helplessly tied to the tail of a guide. But one principal charm of hill-climbing lies in the fact that it may be picked up by self-directed practice . . . and nowhere can the mere manual dexterity of climbing be better acquired than among the fells of Cumberland." Given the attraction of climbing, of which there seems to be no doubt, these words are full of practical common-sense. The mountains may not be so high, the clefts so deep, the whole proceedings so dangerous, but the Lake District affords at least a tolerable substitute for the Alps. It is not, as a golfer once described some home links of which their proprietor was very proud, "very pretty putting ground"; it is the real thing, though on a smaller scale. And the fact has been already recognised, for in the winter months the little inns about Buttermere and Wastdale, hitherto only patronised by summer tourists, have each their contingent of climbers. The crags of Cumberland, says Mr. Haskett Smith, comparatively small as they are, have made many and many a mountaineer, "and the man who has gone through a course of training among them, who has learnt to know the exact length of his own stride and reach, and to wriggle up a 'chimney' (think of it!) in approved style with shoulder, hip, and knee, has no cause to be afraid of the result when he proceeds to tackle the giants of the Alps." Even to those who know the Lake mountains and are not climbers, the little book is interesting. I never distinguished myself at any of the peaks and passes recommended as objects to be ascended, but I have been "crag-fast" on more than one of them, a position of affairs which—though full of dramatic interest—Mr. Smith has omitted to describe.

To interest people on matters that concern the generations that come after them is always difficult. "What has posterity done for us?" is a question that naturally occurs to them. It pleases us to plant flowers the scent and colour

of which are to delight our own nose and eyes, better than to plant trees, which will only afford their grateful shade to our descendants. It is these selfish considerations, I fear, which will cause the proposed "Trust for the Preservation of Beautiful or Historical Places" to be less popular than it deserves to be. Men will say, "This or that fair spot is not built over yet, and will last my time. Let each generation look after its own interests." It is, unfortunately, impossible, however, that those who come after us can do this in the cases in question. If we do not help them they cannot help themselves; the unborn are even as they who lie in the grave, while the needs of the present generation, often in direct antagonism to theirs, are urgent and pressing. Some years ago it was gravely insisted upon by a Radical newspaper that Windsor Park should be divided into allotments, and it was shown how advantageous it would be to those who got their share of it. But it was not considered, as it ought to have been from a democratic point of view, how disadvantageous it would be to the community. It would have been killing the goose for the golden eggs; for though a certain number of families would for the time be benefited, the whole nation would lose for ever one of the finest and most convenient opportunities for observing natural beauties that any country ever possessed. The recollection of a day in Windsor Park stands out in the memories of thousands who are in city pent like a glimpse of Heaven. They see the forest trees, the ferns, the deer, with the inward eye so long as they live, though that was their first and last visit. It is *these* people, remember, it is our duty to consider far more than the cultured persons to whom Nature is constantly appealing, and who can be with her whenever they please. To keep as many beautiful places for them as possible unspoiled by the hand of man, free and accessible, is indeed a noble object. It is no longer necessary to write up in such localities, "It is hoped that the public will protect what it is intended for the public to enjoy"; the public are no longer the rioters they used to be—

Tramping down roses and ranunculus,

While they "Tommy make room for your uncle" us;

they are better behaved, indeed, than some of their betters to whom the Earl of Carlisle alluded at the meeting of the Trust—people who come with trowels to dig up ferns and flowers. It is in great measure the throwing open our parks "to let the people breathe" that has taught them good manners, and the more they see the natural beauties the wiser and better they will grow. A man who with high walls shuts out a beautiful landscape from his fellows is doing them a cruel wrong, while he who introduces them to it is indeed a benefactor. As to the gifts to which the Trust Society looks forward, not without just expectation when its objects shall become known, they will be welcome indeed; for if pictures of scenery given to the nation are thankfully accepted, how much more will be the very scenes which the painters have delineated! It may be urged by some that the influence of fine scenery cannot be very great, since those who live among it, such as the Swiss and the inhabitants of the Lake District, think little of it; but this is so because they have always been accustomed to it. I remember an old woman at Windermere who was wont to express her wonder at what folks could see in the place to bring them so far from home; but a son of hers met with an accident at Preston, and when she had visited him at that unpicturesque locality, and had returned to Ambleside, she changed her views. "Now I know," she said, "why folks comes here as has no fells and lakes at home."

When facts are against one—that is to say, contrary to our views of what they should be—they naturally make us very indignant, but not more so, I am now convinced, than figures. Would it be credited that the modest statement made a few weeks ago in these columns, upon authority, and for which I am in no degree responsible, respecting the odds on a rubber at whist when one party has won the first game, has earned for me a perfect flood of personal vituperation? I find myself in the proud position of the men of science who were attacked by Hampden junior for maintaining for their own base and selfish purposes the theory of the rotundity of the earth. In vain did I quote the statements of the mathematicians that the odds were three to one; it is evidently supposed that I discovered them by my own ingenuity, and am a fool for my pains. "There are no such odds as three to one," I am told, in the matter. "The odds are two to one, which, if you had a grain of sense, you would see for yourself." To assist me in doing so, some send me quite elaborate problems full of large As and Bs. But the great charm (to me) about these communications is the indignation of the writers. I was almost sorry to get from one of them, by a second post, a courteous recantation and apology. "I find you are right after all," he says (for he will still have it that the odds are my discovery); "excuse my vehemence and precipitancy." But with this exception these earnest controversialists stick to their guns. Is it wonderful, therefore, with such views upon the doctrine of chances that the general public do not make very much out of their speculations on the Turf? If ignorance only were displayed the matter would not be so serious, but the positiveness and confidence with which it is backed are much more dangerous elements.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

Sir William Harcourt has a brilliant humour, but his warmest admirers must often be puzzled to know whether he is more diverting when he is frankly funny or when he wears an aspect of portentous gravity. Certainly the House has not for many a day laughed so loud and long as it did over the Chancellor of the Exchequer's statement of the course of public business after the Budget. He was once more the Superlative Usher setting the Parliamentary lessons, but never did his irrepressible pupils enjoy themselves so much at his expense. I really cannot recall the whole list of measures which he asked the House past the middle of July to dispose of by the end of August. As each Bill dropped unctuously from his lips there was a fresh roar of mirth, not at all confined to the Opposition. The Radical benches entered heartily into the joke. Mr. T. B. Potter shook, and when Mr. Potter shakes there is no room for solemnity in his immediate vicinity. On went the Usher declaiming the educational prospective of the Government, while all the industrious boys who sit on the Speaker's right were bursting with hilarity. Sir William bore this very well, but his stoicism gave way next day when Mr. Chamberlain, in his most delicately acidulated manner, tore the magnificent prospectus into very small shreds. This part of the entertainment did not please the Chancellor of the Exchequer at all, though his colleagues made no attempt to keep their countenances, and Sir John Rigby's smile was so broad that you might have walked on it. On a motion for the adjournment of the House, the Opposition leaders regaled themselves by laughing to scorn the idea that all this business could be done in the time. Was it till November that the Government really proposed to sit? What was the use of this empty parade of Bills which everybody knew could not be passed?

Well, the seeming folly of the Usher was not altogether without method. By pressing on with the Evicted Tenants' Bill the Government have strengthened their Irish alliance, and brought to light some dissensions in the ranks of their opponents. Mr. T. W. Russell refused to move the amendment allotted to him. It was Colonel Saunderson who led the attack in the uncompromising spirit of what Mr.

Russell calls Ulster landlordism. He did not wish to declare that no terms ought to be offered to the evicted tenants who had been engaged in the Plan of Campaign. He disliked the Bill, and he disliked Colonel Saunderson's amendment; but as he ended by voting for the amendment, the force of his protest was somewhat impaired. On the other hand, Mr. Courtney, who did not speak, voted for the second reading. Mr. Chamberlain endeavoured to steer between the Bill, which he condemned, and Section Thirteen of the Land Purchase Act, which he wished to see re-enacted, although it made no distinction between the Plan of Campaign tenants and any other tenants. He was against the Bill because it was compulsory wherever Section Thirteen proceeded by voluntary agreement. This view of agrarian legislation for Ireland set Mr. Healy foraging in Hansard, and he presently raked up the Arrears Act of 1882, which he described as the Chamberlain Act, and which was much more compulsory than Mr. Morley's proposal. The Act of 1882 followed the No Rent Manifesto and the Kilmainham Treaty. Why, then, was Mr. Chamberlain so fastidious in objecting to any scheme which condoned the Plan of Campaign? These reminiscences greatly excited the Irish benches, but they were received by Mr. Chamberlain with unruffled composure. A certain unreality in the debate kept everybody in a good humour. This was not disturbed even by the passages of arms between Mr. Healy and Mr. Balfour, who contradicted each other flatly. Mr. Dillon's long speech indicated little except a waning authority, but the tactical advantage of the debate inclined rather to the Ministerial side, if only because the extreme attitude of the Ulster landlords who distress Mr. T. W. Russell had the effect of weakening the undoubted objection of the Nationalists to the Bill. Mr. Morley profited

by this in his brief reply to Mr. Balfour. He reminded that critic rather neatly that the charge of madness and immorality made against the Bill was also made against the proposal to revise judicial rents in Ireland, and yet that proposal was adopted three months later by the Unionist Government of the day. It is one of the charms of a debate on the Irish agrarian question that appeals to history tell against both sides; but the unsophisticated stranger in the Gallery, while appreciating these rhetorical rallies, must have been a little perplexed. One party distinguishes itself by proposing revolutionary remedies which are to settle everything, and which really settle nothing; and the other party swears it will never, never consent to some nefarious scheme which it subsequently carries into law. And both parties go on reproaching each other with these things; and this is called the administration of Irish affairs by the system of representative government.

However, it is a positive joy to have an Irish discussion which is lively without putting anybody into a bad temper. Rightly or wrongly, Mr. Morley's Bill proposes to reinstate evicted tenants, giving the landlords the option of insisting on purchase outright. New tenants who have taken evicted farms are not to be disturbed against their will, and are to be compensated if they wish to go. It is this provision which is specially disapproved by the Irish members, who want the new tenants to be ejected in any case. A fund of a quarter of a million is to be taken for the purposes of the Act from the Irish Church surplus; and three Commissioners, with discretionary powers, are to administer it. For the Committee stage of the Bill there are hosts of amendments



Photo by London Stereoscopic Co.

MARRIAGE OF THE HON. W. F. D. SMITH, M.P. FOR THE STRAND.

Photo by Russell and Sons.

already, to which the House will apply itself with an appetite sharpened, doubtless, by a terribly dull debate on the Bill for equalising London rates. Mr. Bartley was gracious enough to say that, though bad in its existing form, this might be made a reasonable and practicable measure; but for the Evicted Tenants' Bill there is no chance of Opposition grace here or elsewhere.

Lord Egerton of Tatton has resigned the chairmanship of the Manchester Ship Canal Company, but remains one of the directors. Mr. Bythell has been appointed managing chairman, with a salary of £3000 a year.

In his attack on the *entente cordiale* between France and Russia, Count Tolstoi made patriotism responsible for the suicides and fatal accidents which sprang from the popular excitement over the Franco-Russian fêtes. The Russian mystic has another opportunity for the exercise of his peculiar theory of cause and effect. President Carnot's assassination has been followed by a whole crop of tragedies. One man died of grief; the Belgian Minister in Paris swooned at the news, took to his bed, and never rose again; a woman threw herself out of window, and many suicides in France are attributed to the same impulse. A boy was accidentally stabbed to death by a schoolmaster, who was showing how Caserio struck the blow. Fatal accidents, indeed, were plentiful. Perhaps Tolstoi will assure us that these calamities are all due to the absence of true Christianity from the world, and the follies of Governments. If there were no nationalities there would be no rulers to be stabbed, and then nobody would go mad, or fall from scaffoldings, or be crushed to death in crowds. The Tolstoi philosophy of Anarchy is, perhaps, the most wonderful aberration which that movement has produced.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

FOUR GENERATIONS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY.

The great-grandmother, seventy-five years of age, sitting with the infant, born scarcely a month since, in her womanly arms—the grandfather, in his fifty-third year, with the mellow ripeness of middle age—and the father, at twenty-nine, still in the freshness of youth—form a group that could not fail to be interesting though she were not our Queen, or they were not the Princes naturally destined to succeed upon her throne. Four generations, if little Edward Albert should live to be seventy-five, will cover a century and a half—English history from 1819 to 1969, with future events beyond the faculties of the wisest mind to conjecture; but, let us hope, not of ill consequence, on the whole, to this realm over which he may then reign, after King Albert Edward and King George.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

Among the many amiable traits of character known to those who are privileged to observe the domestic life of that illustrious lady, the wife of the Prince of Wales—especially in her rural home at Sandringham—her fondness for animals, her love of dogs and horses, not from the point of view of their sporting merits, but as cherished companions and friends of mankind, has been repeatedly noticed. In the pleasing scene of a visit to the royal stable, which our Artist has been permitted to draw, her Royal Highness appears to be indulging this gracious and kindly taste, which is most becoming to a sensible and accomplished woman; and we

cannot doubt that the noble creature which bears her name, without any consciousness of her exalted rank, is proud and happy to be owned by such a mistress.

A WEDDING IN THE STRAND.

The good old parish church of St. Clement Danes, on Thursday, July 26, is the chosen scene of an aristocratic wedding, for which rare visitation it is indebted to the hereditary connection of the bridegroom, as proprietor of a great business, with the well-known premises in the Strand, and to his Parliamentary position as a member of the House of Commons representing the Strand division of London. It is an incident

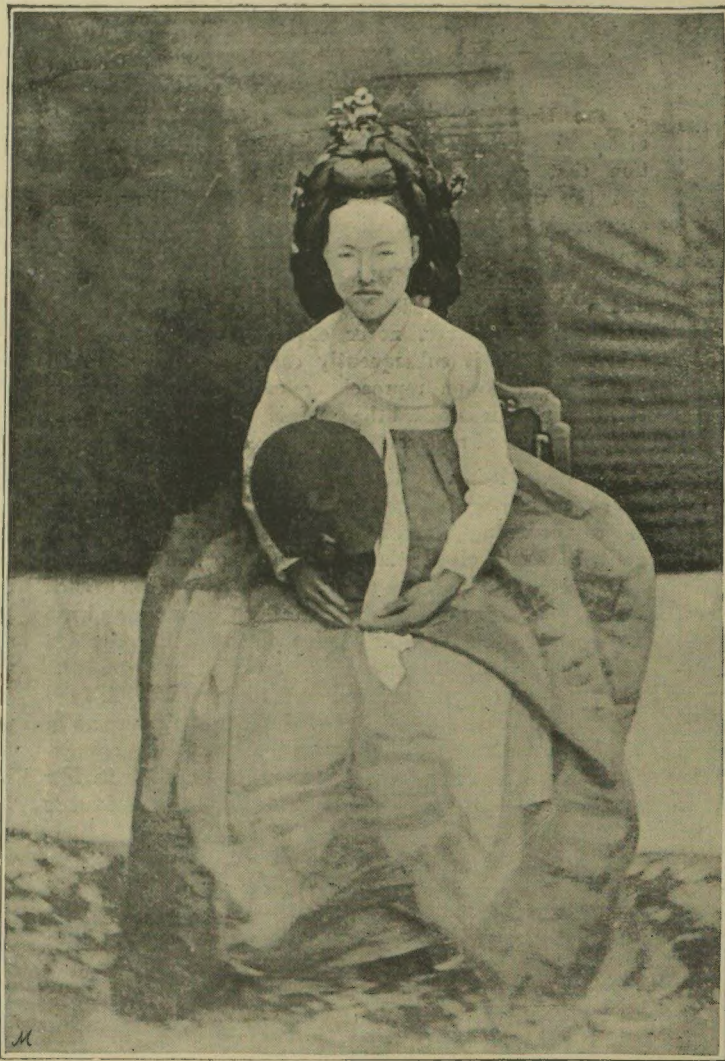
highly gratifying to all his neighbours and constituents, by whom his late father, the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P., was esteemed both in his public and private character, while his memory as an upright, consistent, and most useful statesman is honoured by the whole nation. The Hon. William Frederick Danvers Smith, heir to the peerage conferred upon his mother, Viscountess Hambleden, was born in 1868, was educated at Eton and at New College, Oxford, and became a partner in the firm of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son, newsagents, established by his grandfather; he was elected M.P. for the Strand upon the death of his father in 1891. The bride whom he now marries is Lady Esther Caroline Georgiana Gore, born in 1870, daughter of the fifth and present Earl of Arran, in the Scottish peerage, Baron Sudley in the peerage of the United Kingdom, a member of the House of Lords.

"JEAN BART RECRUITING AT DUNKIRK."

The interesting French historical picture, by Madame Demont-Breton, in the Exhibition of this year at the Salon des Champs Elysées in Paris, represents one of the bravest naval heroes of France in the seventeenth century, at a period when a special appeal was made to the patriotic spirit and courage of the hardy race of fishermen and seamen on the Channel coast. Jean Bart, a native of Dunkirk, learnt seamanship in the Dutch service under Admiral De Ruyter, but when Louis the Fourteenth's Government began to create a powerful fleet, he devoted himself to maintaining the honour of the flag of his own country, and fought against both Dutch and English ships with a valour that won him great renown. His name is one of the earliest that appear famous in the French naval annals, but he never commanded a large fleet.

COREA, BETWEEN CHINA AND JAPAN.

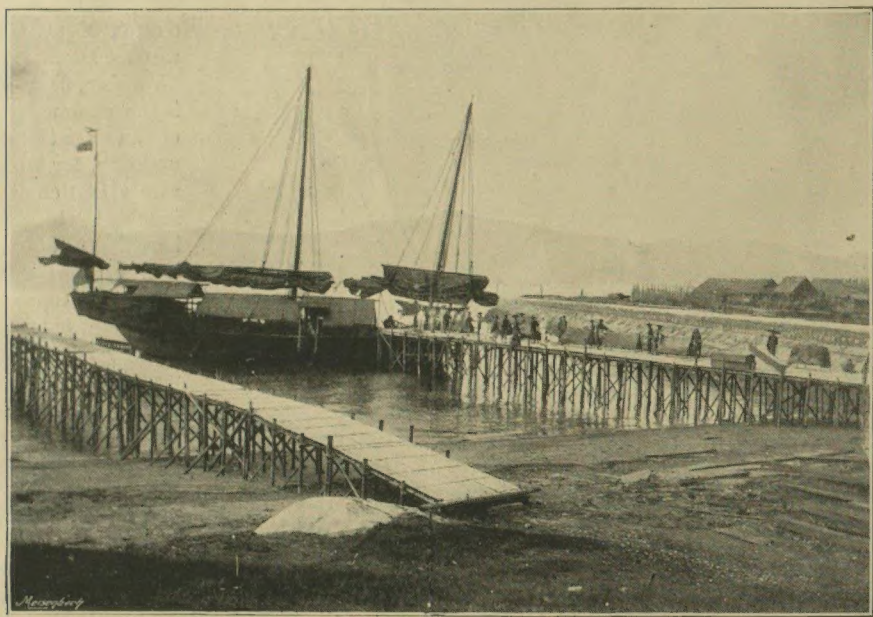
The rumour that China and Japan had actually declared war against each other on account of the Japanese intervention in Corea seems to have been doubted, although troops and vessels of war, on both sides, were being rapidly collected and sent to the shores of Corea, which is the large peninsula between the Chinese "Hoang-hai," or Yellow Sea, and the North Pacific Ocean, its southern coast nearly approaching the Japanese islands. We present a view of the port of Fu-san, which is situated at the south-eastern extremity of Corea, distant about one hundred and sixty miles from Nagasaki, the most southerly treaty port of Japan, on the west coast of the Island of Kiu-shiu. There is a regular line of Japanese steamers, making the passage in about sixteen hours from Nagasaki to Fu-san. The latter port has an excellent harbour, stretching three or four miles north and south, with a long island to the eastward forming its protection. The country generally is covered with coarse grass; some of it is timbered and some is open plain, more or less undulating, with a fine range of mountains some miles back from the coast. There are separate settlements of Japanese, Chinese, and Koreans, but the Japanese predominate, of whom there are over 2000. The Koreans are diligent cultivators of the soil, growing good grain and vegetables, but many subsist, like their neighbours in China and Japan, chiefly on fish; shark's fin, when dried, is a great delicacy with them. An enormous perch is caught there, often measuring over 3 ft. long, and there are soles fully 2 ft. long, as thick as turbot, and of excellent flavour. The people are a tall, well-made, broad-shouldered, lazy race, the men rather effeminate and wanting in courage, but



ATTENDANT ON THE KING OF COREA.

THE PLAGUE AT HONG-KONG.

The number of deaths at Hong-Kong from the dreadful epidemic disease which has attacked the Chinese city population exceeded 2500, according to the last weekly report; and the efforts of the British Government officials, the medical staff, and the committees of European residents, are severely taxed by dealing with this calamity. Our illustrations, from photographs sent by Mr. D. R. Griffith, show a few scenes and incidents which present themselves to notice in the afflicted city. Streets of the native quarter, with houses in which every room was divided into small boxes, each inhabited by a separate family, men, women, and children huddled together so that they could scarcely move about, have been cleared by the summary removal of the tenants. The wooden partitions between their filthy cubicles have been torn down, carried away by soldiers of the Shropshire Regiment—as is seen in one of our illustrations—and presently burnt, to prevent contagion from the deposit of foul exhalations on their surface. Coolies, with stretchers covered by mat awnings, are employed to convey the patients, some to the temporary hospital established in the Glass-works building, where the mortality at one time exceeded 80 per cent.; others to the bamboo wharf at Kennedy Town, West Point, from which those who desired to be sent to their homes at Canton were shipped on board a junk sent for that special service by the Chinese Governor. The dead were conveyed by a steam-launch to Sandy Bay for interment, after lying in the mortuary, a matting shed behind the hospital; European attendants served here, and waited also on the dead-carts, as few of the Chinese would touch the plague corpses. The general aspect and



THE PLAGUE IN HONG-KONG: BAMBOO WHARF AT KENNEDY TOWN, WEST POINT.



SOLDIERS OF THE SHROPSHIRE REGIMENT BURNING WOODEN PARTITIONS REMOVED FROM INFECTED HOUSES.

good-tempered and easy-going. Both sexes wear clothes of native make, of a dirty-white coarse muslin; and persons of the better classes wear tall peaked hats, made of plaited horse-hair, differing in size and shape according to their rank, those worn by the priests being three feet wide, effectually hiding the face. One of the King's female attendants, in her court dress, appears in the illustration. It is quite an unwarlike nation, so that, rather than keep an army, the Koreans pay an annual subsidy to both the Chinese and Japanese Governments to leave them unmolested.

The news of actual hostilities, stating that Japanese gun-boats had bombarded some places on the Korean coast, may not be confirmed. The British naval squadron is lying at Chemulpo, and seamen have been sent up to Seoul, the capital of Corea, to protect the residence of the British Consul.



FU-SAN, THE SOUTHERNMOST PORT OF COREA, FROM THE NORTH.

condition of Taipingshan, the infected native district, situated below Caine Road, to which there is an ascent by steps, would at once reveal the lamentable violation of all sanitary rules that has bred this destructive pestilence. Every floor and every room had been let and partitioned for subletting, until sixty persons, or fifteen families, were crammed into one room about 20 ft. square, and there was no attempt at cleaning; the woodwork and the wretched furniture had become so saturated with the noisome and noxious atmosphere that it was necessary without delay to consume it by fire. These streets have now been closed, and well-regulated hospitals are provided instead of that at the Glass-works. But a thorough reform of the whole city administration is manifestly required, and will be a very considerable public work. The position should not be unhealthy, at the foot of the mountain fronting the sea.



HAYMAKING.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, with Princess Beatrice and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, since Thursday, July 19, is at Osborne House, Isle of Wight. His Imperial Highness the Czarevitch of Russia took leave of her Majesty on Monday evening, July 23, and embarked on board his yacht, the *Polar Star*, in which he left Cowes early next morning for Copenhagen.

The Prince of Wales, on Saturday, July 21, went to visit Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild at Waddesdon Manor, Aylesbury, but returned to London on Monday. In the evening, the Prince and Princess of Wales, with their daughters, went to a ball given by the Earl and Countess of Cadogan at Chelsea House.

The Duke of York left town on Tuesday, July 24, for Aberdeen, where he would stay until Friday, as President of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland. The Duchess of York will be a week in London, and on Aug. 4 will go, with her mother, to St. Moritz, in the Alps.

The German Emperor is expected at Cowes, on a short visit to her Majesty the Queen, from Aug. 7 to Aug. 16, on board his yacht, the *Hohenzollern*. He will probably attend a review of troops at Aldershot.

Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein has gone on a visit to Germany.

The Lord Mayor of London, on Monday, July 23, gave a dinner at the Mansion House in honour of M. Léon de Bruyn, the Belgian Minister of Agriculture, Industry, and Public Works, and of the Burgomaster of Antwerp and the President, Commissioners, and Directors of the Antwerp Exhibition.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of submarine telegraphs to the farthest shores of the globe, by the Eastern, the Eastern Extension, the Australasian, and the China Telegraph Companies, was celebrated at the Imperial Institute, on Friday, July 20, with a banquet of 450 guests, and with a reception of ten times that number, among whom were their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, Princess Louise, the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, also many of the foreign Ambassadors, the Lord Chancellor, and the Secretary of State for India. Sir John Pender, M.P., chairman of the associated companies, presided as host upon this grand occasion. The speeches made were of great practical interest; and, in the course of the evening, telegraphic messages were sent by the Prince of Wales to the Viceroy of India, to the Governor-General of Canada, and to the Governors of the Australian Colonies, offering his congratulations upon this method of quick communication with such remote parts of the British Empire. Replies were in many instances obtained before the assembly parted.

The Naval Manœuvres of this year have been commenced by the opposing fleets—Red and Blue; Vice-Admiral R. O'B. Fitzroy, with the A Squadron, commanding the Red, with Rear-Admiral A. T. Dale in command of the B Squadron on that side; while the two Blue squadrons, C and D, are commanded by Rear-Admiral E. H. Seymour, chief of the Blue forces, and by Rear-Admiral E. C. Drummond. The waters on which they contend for mastery are the seas around the southern, western, and eastern coasts of Ireland, barring a forbidden belt, not to be crossed, which runs from Cape Clear south-west to below the 30th degree of latitude in the Bay of Biscay. The south coast of Cornwall, to the Lizard Point; Falmouth as well as Plymouth; also Bantry Bay, with Berehaven and other inlets and shores of the extreme south-west of Ireland, and Belfast Lough, are assigned to Red occupation. The Blue forces are supposed to be in possession not only of the other Irish coasts but also of Milford Haven, Holyhead, both sides of St. George's Channel, and the Mersey, with the Irish Sea as far north as Whitehaven. But the ports of Falmouth, Plymouth, and Milford Haven are excluded from any attack except by torpedo-boats. The Scottish coasts and those of the north of Ireland are declared neutral. It would seem that the problem is to try whether the Blue fleet, divided into two squadrons, one lying in the Shannon, the other at Queenstown, but not allowed to form a junction off the south-west part of Ireland, can prevent the two divisions of the Red fleet, one at Falmouth, the other at Berehaven, Bantry Bay, from moving northward, in the Atlantic and up St. George's Channel, respectively, to combine their forces in Belfast Lough. This might be taken as a suggestion of the state of affairs in actual warfare, if a hostile naval power were seeking to hinder a British fleet engaged in operations to secure Belfast as the base of a military reconquest of Ireland.

The London County Council has, at the cost of £50,000, to which the Hackney Board of Works added £15,000, and Lord Amherst of Hackney £5000, provided a recreation-ground of 340 acres for North-east London. It is flat meadow land on the banks of the river Lea and its branches, in the valley lying between Homerton or Clapton and Leytonstone; it is very open, pleasant in dry summer weather, though called "Hackney Marsh," and capable of being effectively drained so as to prevent the flooding to which it has been liable. By saving this wide open space, it would appear, a great sanitary benefit is secured to the neighbouring densely populated districts of town; and the facilities for boating and swimming will be unsurpassed. On Saturday, July 21, Sir John Hutton, Chairman of the London County Council, with Mr. W. G. Lemon, Chairman of the Parks Committee, and Mr. J. B. Kyffin, Chairman of the Open Spaces Committee of the Hackney Vestry, joined by the Earl of Meath, Chairman of the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, opened this ground to public enjoyment. There was a procession from Hackney Town Hall to the spot, which is within four miles of the Royal Exchange. It may, perhaps, be considered that this new recreation-ground, added to Victoria Park, Finsbury Park, and Clissold Park, near Stoke Newington, now makes a counter balance to what North-west London possesses in Hampstead Heath, Parliament Hill Fields, and Waterlow Park.

The newly formed golf club at Chislehurst, whose headquarters are at Camden House, where the Emperor Napoleon III. died, was opened on Saturday, July 21. Its

links are over a hundred acres in extent, with a nine-hole course a mile and a-half long, including a sand-pit, valleys, ponds, hedges and ditches to try the skill of the golfers. In the absence of Lord Walter Gordon Lennox, the President, Sir Pattison Nickalls, took the chair at the luncheon. The most distinguished guest was the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, who made an interesting speech on the game of golf. He and Mr. A. K. Blyth afterwards played a match against Mr. S. Mure-Fergusson and Mr. Gerald Balfour; the latter won the match.

On Saturday night, July 21, an attempt was made by three burglars to break into the premises of Mr. J. J. Cavey, jeweller, in Cheapside, between Bread Street and Friday Street. They placed a ladder against the adjacent part of the block of building in which Mr. Cavey's establishment was situated, got in there, and endeavoured to cut a passage through the wooden partition. Being overheard by Mr. Nosworthy, the manager, they were put to flight by the calling in of the police. They escaped over a high wall at the back, and were pursued; but one of the burglars fell through a skylight and was captured. The chase after the other two burglars continued all Sunday morning and until four or five o'clock in the afternoon. Twenty police-constables were actively engaged in it. At last the two fugitives from justice were seized hiding in a bale of dry goods in a warehouse in Friday Street. For the City on Sunday it was a most exciting affair.

A shocking disaster, by which six seamen and one apprentice of the Royal Navy were killed, took place on Thursday, July 19, in the Solent, at the entrance to Southampton Water. The wreck of a small yacht, lying there on the Brambles shoal under water, being dangerous to navigation, was ordered to be blown up and removed. A boat from the Trinity House schooner *Mermaid* was sent to lay torpedoes for this purpose. One of the torpedoes, exploding in the boat, blew it to pieces. All on board were killed. The Queen, who arrived that day at Osborne, sent a message of compassion upon this sad event. Four of the men were married; two have left families of children.

The Kent and Surrey County Councils have resolved jointly to establish a "South-Eastern Agricultural College," at Wye, near Ashford, on land with old monastic buildings procured from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The institution will include laboratories for the study of agricultural chemistry, under Mr. A. D. Hall, the principal; and there will be a farm of 240 acres, and a dairy school for twelve female pupils. Mr. E. J. Halsey, Chairman of the Surrey County Council, is at the head of the governing body.

The French Chamber of Deputies has been passing, with much angry debate, the Ministerial Bill for the summary trial of the Anarchist threateners and instigators of murder, and for the suppression of newspaper reports of their speeches in court. The trial of the assassin of President Carnot takes place on Aug. 3 at Lyons.

The Italian military garrison of the Soudan coast of the Red Sea has made a notable conquest, under the command of Colonel Baratieri, formerly a comrade of Garibaldi. On July 17, after five days' march from Keren, with a force of 2400, including native auxiliaries; this officer attacked the "dervishes" or fanatical followers of the Mahdi, or the "Khalifa" Abdullah, at Kassala; fought a sharp battle, and captured that important town, driving the enemy to the river Atbara. This victory, achieved with small loss to the Italians, may possibly open the way to the recovery of Khartoum and of the Upper Nile, if it be supported by the British forces in Egypt.

In the United States of America, Mr. Debs, with three other leaders of the strike, has been imprisoned for contempt of Court in violating the injunction against interference with railways. Bail was offered to them, but they declined to accept it. The Federal troops withdrew from Chicago, marching to Fort Sheridan, where they remained encamped. Four regiments of Illinois troops continue to guard Chicago, where everything is peaceful. The Pullman Company have posted a notice stating that work will be resumed when enough men have been engaged for every department.

The Senate at Washington is still occupied with debates on the Tariff Bill, party politics being sorely exasperated by the irritation of some of the Democratic party at an unexpected message from President Grover Cleveland, recommending some concessions to the Republican views in favour of free trade in raw materials, coal, iron, and sugar.

The New South Wales elections to the new Legislative Assembly have been decisively victorious for the Free Trade party. The return of Sir Henry Parkes to power is considered to be certain, his party numbering sixty-five, while the Protectionists and Labour members can only muster a joint strength of sixty. There are only twenty Labour members in the new Parliament, against thirty-four in the old.

The outbreak of war between China and Japan in Corea seemed to be imminent on July 24, the date of telegrams from Shanghai. The Corean palace guard at Seoul had had a sharp fight with Japanese troops in that city.

GOODWOOD, BRIGHTON, AND LEWES RACES.

The arrangements of the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway Company, including the running of special trains for the convenience of their patrons during the Sussex fortnight, commencing July 30, are now being announced as completed; and for the Goodwood Meeting special arrangements have been made by the railway company, assisted by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and also by the Brighton and Portsmouth Corporations, for the watering of the roads between the Drayton and Chichester Stations and Goodwood Park.

The Brighton Company also give notice that their West-End Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, will remain open until 10 p.m. on July 27, 28, 30 and 31, and Aug. 1, 2, 3, and 4, for the sale of tickets to Bognor, Drayton, Chichester, Midhurst, Singleton, Portsmouth, Isle of Wight, Brighton, Worthing, Eastbourne, Hastings, &c., at the same fares as charged at the stations.

THE PLAYHOUSES

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

In the case of Ibsen's plays a little learning may be said to be an excellent as well as a dangerous thing. On the last night of the Haymarket season Mr. Beerbohm Tree played Dr. Stockmann, in Ibsen's play "An Enemy of the People," with remarkable force, effect, and brilliancy. In fact, he so thoroughly identified himself with the tactless and conscientious old doctor, he so thoroughly lived in the part, that he was unable to get out of it when the play was over, and addressed his audience in the character of Dr. Stockmann, the conscientious polemic, instead of in the genial and humour-loving personality of Mr. Beerbohm Tree. Attired in the rags of Gringoire the poet, the Haymarket manager, as earnest as any Dr. Stockmann ever conceived by modern dramatist, tried with curious infelicity to apply the indefensible Ibsen or Stockmann doctrine that "the minority is always right." In fact, he went further, and attached to the majority a very unhappy epithet, that doubtless at the time seemed very smart, but, like all smart and severe sayings, is not so very easily forgotten. But first of all concerning Ibsen's play and Dr. Stockmann. As to the play, like the "Murder of Gonzago" in "Hamlet," there is "no offence in it" whatever. It is merely dull and wearisome, not so much on account of its want of nature or observation, but because the theme of the play is apt to become tedious to people in search of amusement, and its hero is found to be about as much of a bore on the stage as he would certainly be in real life. Unquestionably there are Dr. Stockmanns to be found all over the world—fanciful, tactless egotists who honestly believe that the minority is always right, and consequently that the majority who oppose them, equally conscientiously, is "blear-eyed" and dull. But the Dr. Stockmanns of this world, in whatever department of life they are found, always forget the golden rule that "assertion is not argument." The Dr. Stockmanns of the stage, who say that because a play is unpopular that therefore it must be good, who maintain that because a play treats with subjects, characters, and abnormal diseases of character which were far better left alone, that therefore that play must be artistic; who characterise those who conscientiously differ from them as "blear-eyed," while all the brightness of vision is in their own pupils. Such Stockmanns as these are perpetually mistaking assertion for argument. But when so clever and popular an actor and manager as Mr. Tree is so temporarily imbued with the Stockmann spirit that he comes before an audience and propounds the most startling doctrines, we ask ourselves whether he believes what he really says, or is merely firing off so many "wild words" for the sake of attracting attention. Does Mr. Tree seriously mean to insist that the artistic and commercial aspects of the stage are never found in combination? Has he never heard of a Bancroft, a Henry Irving, a John Hare, a George Alexander, and, I may be permitted to add, a Herbert Beerbohm Tree? Have the artistic and commercial aspects of the drama never been found working harmoniously at the Lyceum, the Garrick, the St. James's, and the Haymarket? Was the majority "blear-eyed" that applauded Mr. Tree's great creation in "The Dancing Girl," and filled his coffers at the same time? Was the majority "blear-eyed" that applauded his Macari, his Demetrius, his Captain Swift, and scores of other characters giving him name, fame, and, I trust, well-deserved "wealth." Is the majority "blear-eyed" that has encouraged the superb artistic endeavour of Henry Irving? that has sent Mr. Bancroft into retirement a wealthy man? that has set up a manager like George Alexander, who has never been "weary of well-doing" in the cause of art? Is the majority "blear-eyed," and to be execrated as dull, commercial, and Philistine—as having no artistic but only a grovelling pounds-shillings-and-pence view of art—because it honestly prefers the beautiful "Professor's Love Story" of Mr. J. M. Barrie to the mystical German fancifulness contained in "Once upon a Time" or because it pays its hard-earned money to enjoy what is pure and sweet, and life-helping and soul-encouraging, to these morbid modern studies of men with diseased bodies and women with diseased minds? It is false to say that it is the "commercial" view of art that guides the majority—poor "blear-eyed majority"!—to Shakspeare and Goethe at the Lyceum, to Pinero and Carton at the St. James's, to Grundy or Haddon Chambers at the Garrick or Haymarket, or to Henry Arthur Jones wherever and whenever he appears. All these may fail at odd times, as we all must fail, however earnest or conscientious we may be; but I do most earnestly and strenuously believe that no pure, interesting, and workmanlike play ever yet failed to meet with its public reward and its commercial prize. Does Mr. Beerbohm Tree seriously mean to say that he ever intended to revive either "The Tempter" or "Once Upon a Time," when, for some doubtless very excellent reason best known to itself, the public elected not to be quite so enamoured of those works as the Haymarket manager conscientiously was? But to say that any theatre in the world, whether subvented or not, whether free or not, whether Independent or not, whether artistic or not, whether conventional or not, can be carried on without the support of the public voice—is to say—well, I would rather not conclude this part of the sentence. Anyhow, I am perfectly confident that the Haymarket manager has out-Stockmanned Dr. Stockmann in this latter-day address, which no doubt sounded very smart, but was scarcely convincing. Addresses from the stage require the most delicate tact and diplomacy, and all I can say is that the modern manager who can dictate to his public as to what should or should not be their likes or dislikes lives at a very enviable time. There was a day when the theatrical manager came before his public hat in hand. Nowadays there is something suspiciously like a bludgeon in his coat-tail pocket. The majority may, of course, be blear-eyed and ever in the wrong, but it is a view of the case that the majority has never taken. Nothing, however, has so thoroughly proved Mr. Beerbohm Tree's huge popularity as the passing of his speech, delivered with all the earnestness, belief, and conscientiousness of a Dr. Stockmann. When the audience gathered round him and applauded him, he seemed to say, "You see, the fact is that the strongest man on earth is he who stands most alone!"

PERSONAL.

The Rev. Walford Green, the new President of the Wesleyan Conference, was born in Whitchurch in 1833, was educated at the Grammar School in his native town, with a view to commercial life, and was for a time in business with his father. Entering the Wesleyan Ministry in 1854, he was sent for theological training to Didsbury College, Manchester. Before the completion of his term here he was selected, in a sudden emergency, to fill a vacancy which had occurred in the West Indies. Seven young missionaries had died from yellow fever or cholera, and Mr. Green was sent to fill the last vacancy. In a few months the young missionary was smitten down, and was by the authorities ordered home. After a long period of rest, during which it was often doubtful if he would ever be fit for public work again, he was appointed to Shrewsbury, where he stayed two years, and then removed to Manchester. At the end of three years he came to the Black Country, and afterwards spent six years in London. This was followed by three years in Bradford, London, and Manchester. His last appointment as a circuit minister was to Blackheath. To keen business ability Mr. Green has united broad sympathies, deep interest in social questions, and intense attachment and loyalty to the church. Some years ago, finding the Connexional Fund, from which aged ministers and ministers' widows are paid a small allowance, unequal to the demands upon it, Mr. Green undertook to raise £25,000 in order to permanently increase the income by £1000 a year. This self-imposed task he successfully accomplished. He married early in his ministry Miss Davis, the daughter of a wealthy ironmaster, of Hill Top, West Bromwich.

Photo by Russell and Sons.
THE REV. WALFORD GREEN,
The New President of the Wesleyan Conference.

Mr. Beerbohm Tree delights in paradoxes, and he indulged this humour to the full in his speech on the last night of the Haymarket season. He laid down the proposition that a theatrical manager ought occasionally to sacrifice his pecuniary interests on the altar of art. By so doing, he showed his preference for the views of a minority to those of a majority. Mr. Tree had been playing Dr. Stockmann in Ibsen's "An Enemy of the People," and he endeavoured to adapt the philosophy of that satire to the position and responsibilities of the manager. The audience were rather puzzled, but thought they saw light when Mr. Tree told them they were "the majority of the intelligent minority." However, this bit of blue sky was again overcast when the humorist reminded them that the intelligent minority of to-day might become the blear-eyed majority of to-morrow. Mr. Tree seemed to enjoy himself thoroughly, and if his hearers did not quite make out what he was driving at, that no doubt added piquancy to his entertainment. One thing was certain, Mr. Tree never played Dr. Stockmann so well. The character now ranks among his finest impersonations.

By the way, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who has long been ambitious to play Juliet, will get her opportunity when she goes to the Haymarket. It is Mr. Tree's intention to produce "Romeo and Juliet" next season. The revivals of this particular Shakspearean play have not been numerous in recent years. It was done at the Lyceum by Mr. Irving and Miss Terry about a dozen years ago, and at the same theatre by Miss Mary Anderson. With the exception of Miss Terry and Miss Anderson, London has seen no popular Juliet since the days of Adelaide Neilson.

Charles Marie René Leconte de Lisle, whose death has made another vacancy in the French Academy, was

remarkable among the poets of his time for his complete divorce from the modern spirit. His best work is an echo of the ancients, and he lived in a seclusion of Greek literature, into which the writings of Victor Hugo and the later French school broke like the sound of brawling. This devotion to the classics was maintained at a very high level of art. M. de Lisle succeeded Victor Hugo in the Academy, but never condescended to make any literary compromise with that great spirit. For the writers who call themselves poets of the people M. de Lisle had a frank contempt, and his feud with M. François Coppée was one of the most

interesting distractions of the *belles lettres* in Paris. The bare mention of M. Coppée's name was sufficient to provoke De Lisle to frenzy. His translations of ancient poetry were admirable, and he wrote one or two tragedies on the Greek model.

The Society of Authors has declared against the three-volume form of publication for fiction. There is no sign that the publishers are strongly in favour of retaining it, or that the public cannot live without it. It is permissible to hope, therefore, that the circulating libraries in raising this issue have unintentionally done literature a service. They still want the three volumes, but they want to pay less for them. Now is the opportunity for a combination of author, publisher, and public against a system which is most detrimental to good writing. Three volumes mean, as a rule, the most reckless padding, and padding is fatal to art. Many subscribers to Mudie's take up volume one, two, or three out of sheer indolence of mind, and as an excuse for dozing. Twaddle in this shape is sent to clubs, chiefly to provoke the restless nap before dinner. To change this system for the one-volume edition would be to increase the sale of novels which are worth reading, and to eliminate those which are not. This is a double consummation most devoutly to be wished.

The Blue Ribbon of Bisley, which is the Queen's Prize of £250 with the Gold Medal of the National Rifle Association and the Gold Badge of the Championship for this year, was won, on Saturday, July 21, by Mr. Rennie, a private of the 3rd Lanark Volunteers, whomade the unequalled score of 283, consisting of 94 marks in the first stage, 112 in the second, and, in the third stage, 39 at the eight-hundred yards' range, and 38 at nine hundred yards. He was six above the nearest competitor, Mr. McGibbon, who belonged to the same Volunteer Corps, as likewise did Mr. Muirhead, scoring fourth; but Mr. Clemence, of the 1st Middlesex, excelled all the Scots at the long ranges, though he came behind them in the preceding stages, and therefore in the aggregate account. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Connaught invested Mr. Rennie with the Gold Badge, and he was conducted in triumph through the camp.

A retired veteran Congregational or Independent minister, the Rev. Joshua Clarkson Harrison, whose pastoral services, during half a century, at Park Chapel, in Camden Town, were highly esteemed, has ended his life quietly at Hampstead, in the eighty-second year of his age. He once held the office of Chairman of the Congregational Union, but was averse to joining in public controversy on the political

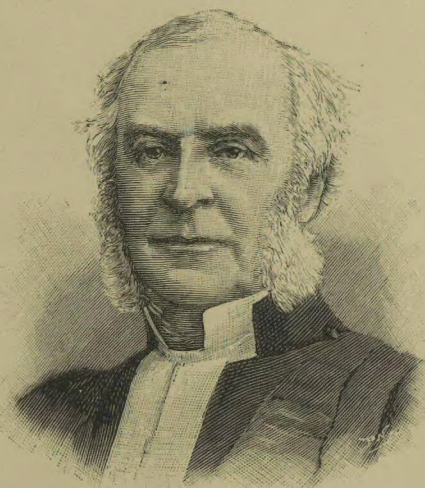


Photo by Goodfellow.
THE LATE REV. J. C. HARRISON.

relations of the Nonconformist communities, and did not therefore become a conspicuous representative of their influence in the affairs of the world in general. His ministerial duties to the flock which put itself under his charge were ably and faithfully performed, and much good was done by his preaching and personal example.

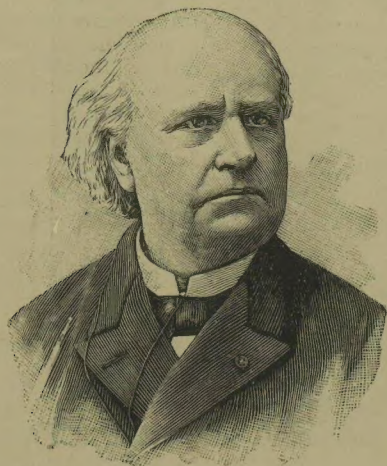
It was not the Queen who had the happy idea of naming the infant Prince after the four nationalities of the United Kingdom. The suggestion came from a subject, a lady whose judgment is greatly valued by the royal family. She proposed the names of George, Andrew, Patrick, and David, laying special emphasis on David, on account of its Biblical association.

Mr. Clifford Harrison's host of friends compelled him to give an extra recital on July 21. The season of charming "Steinway Saturdays" had really ended the previous week, but the audience showed no diminution on this additional occasion. The great elocutionist was never in finer voice, and the enthusiasm could hardly have been exceeded, especially after his wonderful recital of an extract from Sir Edwin Arnold's "Light of the World." No composer could desire a more beautiful musical setting of any poetical gem than is given by Mr. Harrison as he recites to his own piano accompaniment. The humorous reliefs to the programme were extracts from Dickens and Jerome, both very welcome. Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel" and "The Eden Rose" have secured a firm place in popularity, and the rest of the selections were likewise old favourites.

MUSIC.

It might have been taken for granted that the composer of "Irmengarda" would not be let off easily after a second offence. It was bad enough to get one opera produced at Covent Garden, but another—and that within some twenty months—really, it was too much! Poor Mr. Emil Bach! He did his best in "The Lady of Longford" to do the right thing. To begin with, he secured a libretto from Sir Augustus Harris, and so shielded himself to a certain extent behind the broad back of his impresario, while making sure at the same time that his work would not be likely to languish for lack of light and opportunity. Next he carefully studied all the criticisms that had been written on "Irmengarda," digested them as well as he could, and strove his utmost to apply the lesson thereby inculcated to the proper accomplishment of his new task. Finally, he doubtless hoped that an opera in one act instead of two, occupying considerably under an hour in performance, would be treated with indulgence, if only on account of its extremely modest proportions, not to speak of its generally unambitious character. Alas! how vain were all these devices. "The Lady of Longford" may have obtained a verdict of apparently cordial approval from the audience that filled the Royal Opera House on Saturday, July 21, but there can be no doubt whatever that the consensus of written critical opinion is dead against it. It is an improvement on "Irmengarda"—everyone admits that—but what if it be so? Mere improvement is no justification for Mr. Emil Bach having once more invaded the sacred precincts of Covent Garden; his short opera is not an opera at all, but a dramatic episode set to music; the subject is purely English, and ought to have been dealt with by an Englishman; the cast is the thing, the merit of the work itself is scarcely perceptible. To this effect argue the majority of the tired writers who, at the flag end of an abnormally busy season, are called upon to pass judgment on a poor, inoffensive little piece, hardly important enough to be regarded in the light of a serious operetta. Surely there is something here that smacks of the process known as employing a Nasmyth hammer to crack a nut. For our own part we fail to see in "The Lady of Longford" anything more obnoxious than there was in "Elaine" or "Amy Robsart," or "The Light of Asia," while for its length it is certainly not a whit less interesting than "The Veiled Prophet." Mr. Emil Bach is not a composer of the first rank; neither, for that matter, is M. Bemberg or Mr. Isidore de Lara, with both of whom, as regards originality, he is about on a level. His music is at least indicative of a capacity for dramatic writing, it is free from commonplace or *ad captandum* effects, and the score is in every respect an improvement upon that of "Irmengarda," notwithstanding many faults of style which have as yet only undergone partial correction. The story, as we showed in the brief account we gave last week, provides ample incident for fifty minutes' action. It is picturesque in its surroundings and characters, and the motive is not more unpleasant than those of "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci." The weak point of the plot is that the Earl of Longford should choose the moment when he has secretly returned home, a hunted fugitive—his house in the hands of Cromwell's troops, whose colonel has barely left the room when he climbs in at the window—to take his little girl upon his knee and talk to her of their happy days and rambles together. The only excuse is that more improbable situations than this have occurred in opera, especially when introduced for the selfsame purpose of affording variety and relief to the action. We are not sure that the child is not a mistake altogether. Miss Evelyn Hughes, who plays the part at Covent Garden, is a remarkably bright, clever little girl, and her acting is wonderfully good, but the voice, with its crude, boyish *timbre*, sounds somehow out of place, and the Italian accent (unnecessarily overdone, by the way) is more redolent of the *bocca inglese* than the *lingua toscana*. Madame Eames has rarely been seen to such advantage as in the lovely gown worn by the heroine; she might sit perfectly well for a portrait of Queen Henrietta Maria. Admirably, too, did the American soprano sing and act her part, especially in the duet with the Earl, who had a manly and effective exponent in M. Alvarez. M. Edouard de Reszke could not, had he wished, have presented a thin, emaciated, evil-looking portrait of the Roundhead Colonel, so he did the next best thing, which was to cloak his villainy under an exterior of natural *bonhomie* and careless gaiety, and this, to our thinking, answered the purpose very nearly, if not quite as well. His song, "Man's but mortal, my dear Madam," is by far the most attractive number in the opera, and the famous basso rendered it, as a matter of course, with delightful ease and beauty of voice. The one scene of the opera was capably staged, and the performance went with abundant spirit under the direction of Signor Mancinelli.

The Royal College of Music brought the work of the term to a close with an orchestral concert at Alexandra House on Thursday, July 19, under the conductorship of Professor Stanford, and the Royal Academy followed suit at St. James's Hall on the succeeding Tuesday afternoon, when the *bâton* was held, as usual, by the principal, Dr. A. C. Mackenzie. At the former institution nothing fresh was done, the authorities being content to put forward a highly creditable display of executive merit both in the vocal and orchestral departments. The Academy scheme, on the other hand, included two manuscript compositions by students, the first of these being a singularly well-written "Highland Suite in A" by Mr. Charles Macpherson, consisting of three movements (all more or less in the Scottish style), entitled respectively "Coronach," "Lullaby," and "Dance," whereof the first was very much liked. The other novelty was an allegro moderato from a violin concerto in A minor by Mr. Gerald Walenn, who himself executed the solo part in excellent style. The composition shows the influence of such widely separated masters as Spohr and Max Bruch, but it contains, nevertheless, plentiful evidence of ideas and talent on the part of the young composer, who unquestionably has a bright career before him.



THE LATE M. LECONTE DE LISLE,
French Poet.

THE MARE "STAR OF DENMARK" AND FOAL "DAGMAR."



THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND HER FAVOURITE YEARLING "ALEXANDRA" AT THE STUD FARM, SANDRINGHAM.

Drawn from Life by Special Permission.



BY MRS W. K. CLIFFORD

ILLUSTRATED BY G. P. JACOMB-HOOD.

AUTHOR OF "MRS. KEITH'S CRIME," "AUNT ANNE," &c.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

Mr. Belcher went back to his letters. "Morris is an old fool," he thought. "Of course, if they know that he is looking for them, half-a-dozen brats will turn up and call themselves Richard's. I ought to have insisted on a settlement; I may have saddled myself with this girl for nothing at all. If she wasn't to have Morris's money, I might just as well have gone on amusing myself with Florence. There's some life in her, and not too much sentiment. I'm tired of this girl following me about with her eyes that fill with tears every time I choose to pinch her hard enough." It was odd how much Katherine's slim figure and young face annoyed him. He liked a full-blooded, well-developed woman with slow gait and full deep voice, who expected everything and took it as a matter of course or with a scornful laugh, and insulted him openly. Besides he had never thought women worth looking at till they were eight-and-twenty; by that time they had learnt to know their way about and how to use their tongues. He hated soft words and despised obedience, even though he exacted it. Youth and innocence were in his way; he liked to hurt it to see it writhe and shrink from him. He had married Katherine with his eyes open, of course, but with a clear and definite reason. Besides, it had seemed a natural incident enough. It was time he took a wife if he meant to take one at all, and in theory he had liked the idea of a young one: women were for flirtation, but girls were for marriage. Girls did not want equality and independence of thought and companionship, and all the modern nonsense that women were noisily struggling for nowadays. The nonsense was all very well to talk about, with other men's wives or a woman you had no intention of marrying; but a sensible man took care to exclude it rigorously from the daily experience of his own home. There he should be master and the first and only consideration; and so Mr. Belcher meant it to be in Montague Place.

"I'm going out," he said to Katherine after dinner. "I want to talk to your uncle."

"May I go with you? I should so like to see Uncle Robert's new rooms."

"I want to talk to him alone," he answered. "You had better do your unpacking to-morrow," he went on, always careful to arrange her time as far as possible, "and go to bed at ten. To-morrow you can set about helping Gibson with the housekeeping."

"I think I can do it by myself after a bit," she said timidly. "I did it at home when Susan was ill."

"Gibson knows my ways," he answered.

He walked quickly towards Gower Street. At one of the houses near University College Mr. Morris had taken rooms.

He was at home, the servant said. Mr. Belcher walked quickly upstairs to the first floor. The door of the drawing-room was opened by a tall woman of about eight-and-thirty. She was dressed in black, and round her neck there was a crucifix: she looked imperious, but her manner was that of one who had been executing an errand.

"Ah," she said, and her accent betrayed that she was a Frenchwoman of somewhat limited English. "You want Monsieur Morris? *Le voici.*" Mr. Belcher looked at her with astonishment. She motioned him into the room and, shutting the door, disappeared.

"Who was the good lady kindly qualifying your solitude?" he inquired. Mr. Morris was sitting by the fire in an arm-chair.

"She is a—widowed sister-in-law of Mrs. Merrick, who keeps this house. She lives here."

"I see."

"How is Katherine?"

"She's all right. Do you like these rooms?"

"I don't think I shall stay in them long; I want to get into the country again."

"You'll be better there," Mr. Belcher answered, "and safer," he thought, for a Frenchwoman about the place was an unexpected turn in affairs. "I have been thinking," he went on aloud, "that it's hardly fair I should have the entire burden of Katherine's maintenance. I always expected that you would make some definite settlement on her during your lifetime."

Mr. Morris looked up sharply, and was silent for a moment before he answered. "It's customary for a man to maintain his wife," he said. "However, when you pay me back that four thousand I'll settle it upon her at once."

"You see," continued Belcher, without noticing the remark, "I married her chiefly because you wished it; I believe you thought it some compensation for the money I owed you?"

"It was your own idea, and as for my wishes, you married her because you thought it time to get married, and because I told you that as Richard was dead I should leave what I had to her. It is not as much as it would have been if things had turned out as you led me to expect."

"A will is not a very good security for a promise."

"You'll get no other," Mr. Morris answered positively, "and if, as Madame Quiblier, the lady who left the room as you entered, suggested to me a day or two ago, Richard has left a wife or children, I shall make a fresh disposition of my property."

"That idea about Richard is all nonsense; of course, if you make known in Melbourne that you are seeking for grandchildren in order to endow them, why every house in Collins Street will produce some. However, if you like I will advertise in the Australian papers?"

Mr. Morris looked at him carefully again. "I think I can manage to do that myself, thank you."

"It might be amusing to go out there and see what it is like; perhaps if you wait a few months we could go together."

"We'll see," Mr. Morris answered brusquely. "Go home to your wife, Belcher, that's the best place for you," and he held out his hand.

Belcher felt himself dismissed as cavalierly as he in turn treated Katherine. "I shall have to keep a good hold upon

him," he thought as he went back. "Or with the Frenchwoman on one side and Richard's foundlings on the other he'll make a nice mess of it. He's as obstinate as the devil, but a woman might influence him. I wish I had left marriage alone: it is only amusing for the first week."

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Belcher suffered Katherine to live in his house, and was civil to her. He even recognised that she had a right to be there, but he took no trouble to make her life pleasant; and at the end of six months she knew him little better than she had done at the end of three. He consulted her about nothing, told her nothing. She had virtually no share in household matters; Gibson saw to those, and kept a sharp eye on everything—including Katherine, whom she did not view too favourably. Day after day went by with unvarying monotony. Breakfast at eight; Katherine poured out the coffee while Mr. Belcher read his letters and the paper. When he had finished it, he looked up and made a few curt remarks, much as though she were an upper servant who was bound to stay with him. At nine he went out; at a little before seven he came back and generally inquired what she had done during the day, not with the interest of a husband who cared, but with the air of a taskmaster who found some gratification in knowing that the hours had been long and difficult. After dinner, he read his papers again or wrote letters. Once he tried to teach her the mysteries of double dummy, but, finding that she did not take a vivid interest in the game, he put the cards away with a curt, "I think we have had enough of that, thank you," and did not attempt it again. At ten o'clock he sent her to bed, and as she left the room she generally saw him reach down a box of cigars from a shelf in the corner, as though he meant to indulge in a pleasant hour after she had gone. This was in the dining-room, in which they always sat, for the drawing-room was covered up with dusting sheets and hidden from the light of day. There was a little room on the stairs to which Katherine went if she felt that her presence was not required by Mr. Belcher in the dining-room; and he often made her feel that it was not only not required, but in the way.

Mr. Morris spent the evening in Montague Place occasionally, but his manner towards her, though it was a little gentler, was not more easy than formerly, and she knew that he came to talk business with her husband, and so left them together. Sometimes two or three men came to dinner, and she sat silently at the other end of the table; for Mr. Belcher looked displeased if she talked, and told her once, in a sarcastic manner after they had gone that her conversation was not of absorbing interest: so she took the hint and remained silent. A few people, wives of solicitors and anxious barristers, called upon her, and she returned their calls, and there the acquaintance ended. Mrs. Oswell came now and then, evidently out of kindness at first, and afterwards because she liked the lonely girl. Katherine learnt many things from her: how to dress (though for that purpose

Mr. Belcher gave her no money), and what to read, and a little of what was going on in the world. Thus in some dim fashion she began to understand things better, and gained as much wisdom, perhaps, as it is given to unsophisticated girlhood to know.

"She ought to read the modern people," Mr. Oswald said; and his wife lent her Tennyson and Browning and Swinburne. They left her with the sense that had so often beset her since her marriage—a sense that life had cheated her; that she stood by the gate of the world, but Mr. Belcher held her back and would not let her go through and take her share of the chances beyond.

Now and then during the first months he was good-natured after his own fashion. He took her to a theatre two or three times, more to amuse himself with her surprise at what she saw than to give her pleasure. Once he took her to Brighton from Saturday to Monday, but he met someone he knew and neglected her, and when he went again he left her at home, and she was glad enough of the three days in silence and without him. She was never at ease with him, never for a single hour, for though her fear of him grew less as time went on, her dislike of him increased, until it woke up every nerve and sense in her to shrink from his touch, from the sound of his voice, the mere fact of his presence. The one comfort of her life was that he went out every day and all day. After a time he often went out in the evening too. She never knew where he went or what he did; he gave no hint of his doings, and she never dreamt of asking him for any account of them.

But gradually she created a life for herself; a life of books and thought, and long walks, and voyages of discovery into the far depths of London. She made little attempts, too, at helping others who were poorer than herself; but she had no money for these last, and so in despair had to hold aloof. Some of her innocence vanished, some of her simplicity. She knew perfectly why Mr. Belcher had married her, and the half-contempt with which he regarded her. Sometimes she tried to soften him, to win his regard or admiration, but it was only done as a matter of duty or in recognition of the fact that she was his wife, and with almost a dread of her efforts having any success. Books had taught her the possibilities that the world holds for each man or woman who comes into it, and she looked on aghast at the trick that fate had played her. She guessed keenly enough what they were like, those happinesses and miseries that are but the complement of each other; and she realised still more keenly the bondage that was her own portion. In those lonely days, too, there stirred in her heart for the first time a definite longing for human sympathy and companionship, and a breathless knowledge, though she drove it from her as a forbidden one, that in human love lay the secret of human joy.

With all this, since she was but a mortal woman, there came a little undercurrent of happy vanity—for she was growing beautiful. Her eyes were more tender, and the sight of joy or sorrow that others carried, even though they were strangers to her, had altered the expression of her face. Moreover, walking had made her figure lissom, and thrown back her shoulders so that she looked tall and supple.

"I should like to know the end of your history," Mrs. Oswald thought, as Katherine entered one afternoon, a glow of health on her face and the dimple in her cheek showing itself more frequently than formerly. "It isn't Mr. Belcher, or I am much mistaken." Then she said aloud: "Well, you look as if you had found your own two feet and stood on them."

"I have done more," Katherine answered, "for I have walked about the world on them, and looked at the people."

"Yes."

"And have come to the conclusion that everyone else is needed by someone. No one needs me—even Gibson thinks me in the way."

"Someone has need of you; that is why you were born."

Only you have not found it out yet, and the world itself has need of you too: we are all little bits in the great mosaic."

"I don't like to think that," Katherine answered; "it sounds so hopeless; it is what a fatalist might say. I would rather be an atom of dust in the desert whirled along by all the winds that blow—and thankful that there are four of them—or a waif strayed by mistake into the wrong world."

"My dear, your husband has need of you," Mrs. Oswald said it from duty and tried to say it positively.

"No. I wish he had; then I wouldn't mind how badly he treated me." For she had long ceased to disguise her life from Mrs. Oswald, who had seen clearly what manner of

could not hide. "I never see him except at breakfast time: he's out all day, and generally all the evening too now."

"You know," said Mrs. Oswald, forgetting her tact in her eagerness to be clever, "I shouldn't be at all surprised if there's some woman he's fond of and goes to spend his evenings with. You see he was six-and-thirty, rather more, when he married you: a man doesn't get to that age for nothing, and he wasn't in love with you, dear; that was plain enough on your honeymoon."

"And plain enough every moment he has been with me since," Katherine answered bitterly. But there gathered a little fire at her heart, a little fierceness that increased her hatred of Mr. Belcher as she thought of the possibility of his having cared for someone else, perhaps all the years of his life, and of the manner in which he possibly spent his evenings while she sat alone in Montague Place. It put a sense of insult into her life that had not been there before.

"Mrs. Oswald," she said, and burst into tears, "it's a terrible thing to be a woman."

"Would you like to be a man?"

"I wouldn't for the wide world," she answered, with a little horror in her voice.

"Would you like to be a horrid strong-minded thing clamouring for rights?"

"Of course not," Katherine said indignantly. "I don't think I know what I want, really."

"You'll find out one day," Mrs. Oswald answered. "And when you do," she thought, "I wonder whether it will be a comedy or a tragedy."

"I think I'll go away," Katherine said. "I have found out a strange pleasure in life," she added, turning to Mrs. Oswald with the quick smile that was a fascination. "It is walking about London looking at the people. Everyone lives a separate life and has a separate soul and experiences and secrets, and hopes and ambitions, some of which I know and others at which I only guess. I like to see two people together best, and to notice how they behave to each other. The most interesting are a man and a woman together."

"You have arrived at that fatal knowledge, have you?" said Mrs. Oswald.

"I think," Katherine went on, not heeding her, "it must be the most beautiful thing in the world to be the woman and to love the man, if he is strong and handsome and clever and everything in the world, and if he loves you back again."

"My dear," laughed Mrs. Oswald, "I wish you could love your husband. A woman can love the strangest thing in mankind if only the whim

takes her. For Heaven's sake, go home and get sentimental on Mr. Belcher. It's my sincere opinion that if you don't you'll come to utter grief somehow and some day when you find out that every woman alive is blessed or cursed with a heart."

"I am different," said Katherine. "I have only a little bit of one, but I am very lonely. I think my rôle is to walk about the world and look at it, but not to play any part. Sometimes I feel like a crane I used to know when I was a little girl: it stood on one leg contemplating the moat by Eltham Palace. Only I don't want to stand still as that did: I should like to walk from one end of the world to the other, it is such a beautiful place."

"And such a sad one."

"Yes, perhaps. Mrs. Oswald, you have been very kind to me; I am very grateful, and would love you for it if I could, but I don't think I know how. They didn't teach me in the days of my youth. Good-bye: it's nearly four o'clock and time to go home. Dattel will be back."

"And your husband too?"

"No, he sends Dattel back by the office boy."

"And goes off to spend his evenings elsewhere," thought Mrs. Oswald. "Depend upon it he doesn't spend them alone nor always with his own sex; a man's vanity prevents him from doing that." Katherine was looking round the room: she knew by an instinct that had been born in her that its colours were incongruous, its nick-nacks too many,



Mrs. Oswald lent her Tennyson and Browning and Swinburne. They left her with the sense that had so often beset her since her marriage—a sense that life had cheated her.

man Mr. Belcher was from the first, though with easy good-nature she had tried to defend him. "He has only need of Uncle Robert's money."

Mrs. Oswald put her hand on Katherine's. "I don't believe in our lives being an atom of dust in the desert. Perhaps one day, my dear," she said gently, "you may have a little child."

"I hope not." Her cheeks flushed, and her eyes filled with tears. "If it were a boy, he might grow up to be like his father; I don't want to see more men in the world like Edward. If it were a girl, it might be as lonely as I have been, and make a marriage like mine."

"It would have a mother."

"Yes," Katherine answered, clasping her hands across her breast as if they held a little one in them, "and she would be powerless to help its life, and it would feel that she was useless and ignore her, or perhaps it would be sorry for her. I shouldn't like my child to be sorry for me," she went on, lifting her head. "I shouldn't like anyone in the world to be that, unless it was someone much stronger than myself—someone I loved."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Oswald, "now we are coming to it, and I can see the red light in the distance."

"The red light?"

"It means danger." Mrs. Oswald counted the gold bangles on her wrist. "My dear, why don't you make your husband fall in love with you?"

"My husband!" Katherine exclaimed with a shudder she

ts effects crude and perhaps a little vulgar, but still it showed that the woman of the house had a voice in it, arranged her furniture as she pleased, and took a pleasure in her home.

"I wish I had a home," she said.

"My dear child, you have!" Mrs. Oswell exclaimed, almost startled.

"No. Mr. Belcher has a home, and lets me stay in it, but I have no business there. I should like a room to decorate and make pretty, and that my husband would come home and admire. You said that everyone in the world was needed by some one person. Perhaps everyone in the world has a home somewhere, but some go on and on and never find it, or die before they reach it."

"But there is a little room you sometimes sit in alone," Mrs. Oswell said; "why don't you make that pretty?"

"I have no money. Uncle Robert gave me a present at Christmas, but I spent it on beggars and clothes."

"Doesn't Mr. Belcher give you any? What do you do for postage-stamps?"

"Put them down in the weekly books; but I don't use two a month," she laughed. "Good-bye again. I must go back to Mr. Belcher's house. I wish you hadn't said that about another woman: it makes me shrink from him a little more. I believe some morning I shall run away."

"And what will you do then?"

She looked back as she went out of the doorway. "Walk all over the world, seeking—"

"Seeking what?"

"I don't know yet—but I shall."

"She is like a woman in a dream," Mrs. Oswell said to her husband that night. "Poor little soul, I wish she would wake up."

"Humph! Perhaps she is better off in the dream."

"Perhaps—oh, Fred, dear, what a blessing you are! I feel as if I ought to say grace over you, thanking God for my good husband as children sometimes thank Him for their good dinner."

"I don't think we have a bad time on the whole—"

"We have a splendid time," she answered.

(To be continued.)

CLARENCE PARK, ST. ALBANS.

On Monday, July 23, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge visited St. Albans, to open this new place of public recreation. Sir John Blundell Maple, of Childwickbury, M.P., who a short time since presented St. Albans



CLARENCE PARK AND RECREATION GROUND,
ST. ALBANS.

with a hospital for infectious patients, has, with equal munificence, given this fresh boon to the town. The recreation ground and public park are 24½ acres in extent, the former being 16 acres and the park 8½ acres. The park is enclosed by a substantial oak fence, and is laid out with much judgment and skill. The caretaker's lodge is an excellent and well-designed building, which includes a public refreshment-room for the sale of non-intoxicants, opening into the park. The pavilion, which is a handsome and commodious building of brick relieved with ornamental and enriched terra-cotta bands and strings, has a tiled roof and a graceful bell turret. It is approached from the entrance lodge by a broad gravelled road, with a sweep sufficient for a coach and four to turn. It contains on the ground floor five large dressing-rooms, a separate room being reserved for the use of professionals. Bath-rooms, lavatories, and retiring-rooms are attached to each dressing-room. The upper floor contains a spacious and lofty dining-hall, 36 ft. long by 19 ft. wide. The grand stand covers the whole of the front part of the building, and will accommodate six hundred people. The work was carried out by Mr. Miskin, builder, of St. Albans. The recreation ground consists of cricket, football, and lawn-tennis grounds. Tracks for running and bicycling have been laid, and everything possible has been done to render the ground attractive. The park has been tastefully laid out. A band-stand of pleasing design and a drinking-fountain have also been erected. The Clarence Park is situated on the outskirts of the town, close to the Midland Railway station. It will be under the charge of the Mayor and Corporation of St. Albans, who have conferred on Sir Blundell Maple the honorary freedom of that town.

IVAN SERGUEITCH TURGENEV.

Rudin. A Novel. By Ivan Turgenev. Translated from the Russian by Constance Garnett. (London: Heinemann, 1894.)—In this article I shall make no attempt at criticism. There are writers of whom we not only cannot, but would not if we could, form a cool, critical estimate, and to me Ivan Turgenev is one of them. My present purpose is merely to express my delight that at last, some twenty years after the rest of the world, we are to have a complete, and, if we may judge by the present sample, an admirable translation of the most fascinating body of fiction, perhaps, in any literature. Mrs. Garnett's rendering of "*Rudin*" is an entirely satisfactory piece of work. One critic has objected, I see, that we cannot always forget that we are reading a translation. Why should we? Is not this a false ideal to set up? In the case of a scientific work, a book of travels, even a history, it may be desirable to forget that we are reading a translation; but surely not, or, at any rate, not always, in the case of a work of fiction. Mrs. Garnett writes smooth and excellent English, it is not by solecisms or inelegancies that the translation betrays itself. But as Turgenev's characters happen to be Russians, they naturally think with the minds and speak with the tongues of Russians, not of Englishmen. Their thoughts are rendered into correct and easy, but not always into absolutely colloquial English; and in this Mrs. Garnett shows better taste than her critic. In the last chapter, for instance, where Rudin and Lezhnyov address each other as "brother," ought Mrs. Garnett to have made them say, "old chappie," or "old man"? I doubt whether even this would have made us forget that we were reading a translation; it would only have reminded us that we were reading a bad one.

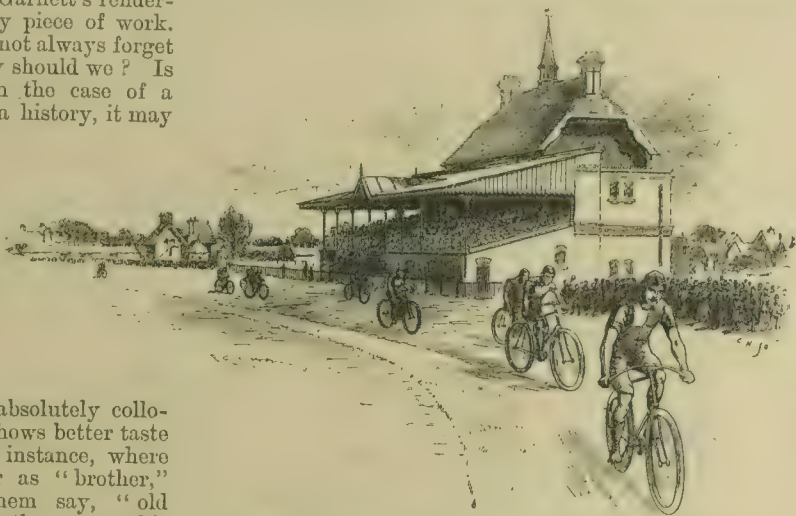
"*Rudin*" is one of Turgenev's most characteristic, not one of his most delightful books. Mr. Allan Monkhouse has justly pointed out that Rudin himself "is drawn from the inmost depths of generic man. He is at once individual, national, and universal." Natalya, too, is one of Turgenev's loveliest female characters, and that is saying a great deal. But the action of the book is meagre and a trifle rambling. It is essentially an episode rather than a history. This might be said, indeed, of a good many of the author's other works; but in such a book as "*Smoke*" or "*Spring Floods*," the episode is much more largely and dramatically worked out. Mr. Monkhouse, whose excellent essay I have just quoted,

was a very beautiful as well as a very great figure in the European literature of our half-century, and the English reader who has yet to make acquaintance with his works may well be congratulated on the pleasures in store for him.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Various friends of Bishop Kennion have borne testimony to his good qualities. "One who served in the diocese of Adelaide 1884-1891" writes that Bishop Kennion is



CLARENCE PARK. THE PAVILION AND GRAND STAND.

"essentially a man of culture and well acquainted with the best results of modern knowledge in ordinary subjects; his conspicuous qualities are sympathy, tact, knowledge of men, a capacity for administration and particularly for hard work; and his distinguishing characteristic is a sanctified common-sense." Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, also bears testimony to the high opinion he formed of Bishop Kennion while in Australasia. Still, nobody ever questioned that Bishop Kennion was in his way an excellent man. It was urged that a bishop should be, if possible, a man of distinction, and that neither as scholar nor as preacher had Bishop Kennion made any decided mark.

Canon Durst, the new Rector of Southampton, is to have a stipend of £1500 a year, with an allowance of £450 a year for curates. Canon Wilberforce paid £700 to curates, so that Canon Durst will have to supplement this allowance out of his stipend.

Mr. Athelstan Riley has gone abroad for a complete rest, and has given instructions in the Church papers about the disposal of his letters in the true episcopal manner.

The Duke of Newcastle is to be one of the Church candidates for the City of London at the approaching School Board election.

The Wesleyan Conference at Birmingham is well attended, and the proceedings are marked by much spirit. The numerical growth of the Connexion during the year has been larger than for many years past.

The Rev. F. H. Chase, Principal of the Cambridge Clergy Training School, has been appointed Examining Chaplain to the Archbishop of York. Mr. Chase, who is an excellent scholar, has been engaged in an important controversy with Professor W. M. Ramsay, the eminent archaeologist, on the travels of St. Paul.

Dr. Henry Wace appeals for an endowment to replace the Parliamentary grant withdrawn from King's College, London. Dr. Wace says that the Government have now put to the College the definite challenge: "Your principles or your life," and complains that contributions have not been as yet on a sufficiently large or generous scale.

Some of the clergy are complaining that the rite of baptism should have been administered in the drawing-room of White Lodge, Richmond, instead of at the parish church. It is, they say, one of the greatest troubles of the clergy to get the parents in their parishes to bring their children to church for baptism, and they are apt to follow a royal example.

There is an annual meeting of licensed Church of England Scripture readers under Episcopal authority. Its fourteenth gathering, has been held at Keble College, Oxford. The Rev. J. O. F. Murray, of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, presided; there were conferences, lectures, religious services, and rural excursions.

Speaking of the movement for opening museums and picture galleries on Sundays, the Archbishop of Canterbury said at his Diocesan Conference that while working



CLARENCE PARK: THE PARK-KEEPER'S LODGE.

people should have the same opportunities of seeing pictures as the great collector of works of art had going through his own galleries, working men themselves had not made up their minds on the subject. They were very anxious about the increased work which would be entailed: the trams, omnibuses, and cabs would be more engaged, and the eating-houses and such places would be busy, and as one after another would be opened on Sunday, the working man became anxious lest his six days' work should become seven days' work.

PRECURSORS OF JOAN OF ARC.

BY ANDREW LANG.

The authors who do, and the sceptics who do not, believe that there was something "supernormal" in the career of the Maid of Orleans both admit that her period was an age of visionaries. The Catholic writers maintain that Grace was very abundant: all the more reason why Joan should have a share of it. The Freethinkers regard her, as to her "inspiration," in the light of one more hallucinated person among many. Her genius and her virtues were her own, they say; her illusions must be pardoned as prevalent in the age which she adorned.

Before accepting either view, it may be as well to know what the other contemporary visionaries were like. This is the method of common-sense, as M. Vallet de Viriville remarks, and it is also the method of science. Joan had precursors, and she had imitators. The curious thing is that she was quite unlike her precursors, and that her imitators were eminently unlike her. The conclusion, if

Ermine de Rheims, in 1386, was a poor widow of forty-six. She prayed all night, she wore a hair shirt to mortify her elderly flesh withal; she had a habit of seeing dwarfs, giants, lions, bears, tigers, when no travelling show was in the town; she was carried by spirits to the top of the roof of St. Paul's Church, and, on another occasion, into a wood. She once saw "St. Paul the Simple," who vanished in a globe of fire; she also saw the Virgin, accompanied by sweet odours; she was often in ecstasies. On her death, someone wrote a book about her, but the famed Gerson, that learned theologian (a great supporter of Joan of Arc) advised him not to publish it. In fact, an elderly widow, who ate little, wore a hair shirt, watched all night, and, apparently, was a somnambulist, can hardly be called a useful member of society. She certainly does not offer a close parallel to Joan of Arc, even if the "supernatural" visitors of both "smelled fragrantly." La Dame de Sille de Guillaume (1332-1415), though born to high place, was a peculiarly dirty and disgusting fanatic. She

heresies, some of which have since been popular as parts of Protestant belief. That children who die before the age of reason will all be damned is an opinion of hers that has been less fortunate in making its way. Once more, where is the resemblance to the orthodox Joan of Arc? The Prophetess of Lyons (1424) was a detected impostor, who deceived the philanthropic. The Maid of Schiedam exercised the profession of a fasting girl. Saint Colette was an hysterical recluse who, being allowed to leave her cell, floated in the air, saw frogs and serpents, founded many convents, and restored to life more than a hundred dead children. Apart from her violent austerities, she was an able and excellent woman, but her whole character and career were in direct contrast to those of the Maid of Orleans, who neither soared in air nor saw serpents and frogs. In fact, all the so-called precursors were either starved and hysterical professional devotees or detected impostors, while the imitators were vulgar or vicious charlatans. The comparison merely tends to establish the



"Never morning wore to evening, but some heart did break."

PICTURE BY WALTER LANGLEY, IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

By Permission of the Owner, Mr. M. Jewell, Hall Place, Bexley.

we may anticipate it, is that the "comparative method," for once, throws very little light on the subject.

M. Vallet de Viriville has compiled a list of the earlier and later visionaries of the age, which we shall follow. The process of comparison is perfectly legitimate. Man-kind, in these matters, has a rather limited stock of fables, which it freely applies to everyone whose character is impressive to the fancy. No character, no career could be more impressive than those of Joan of Arc. Yet we shall find that out of the common stock of fables few were applied to the Maid, while to persons whom we now know little or nothing about they were affixed in abundance. Earliest in M. Vallet de Viriville's list comes Guillemette de la Rochelle. The authority for her career is a celebrated lady author, Christine de Pisan; and Guillemette herself lived before 1380. "She was a solitary female, great in contemplation, and I have it on the authority of respectable persons that in her contemplation she is said to have sometimes floated at a height of one or two feet above the ground. King Charles V. had great confidence in her prayers," and brought her to Paris. This is rather the reverse of good evidence, and, in fact, has no bearing on the subject.

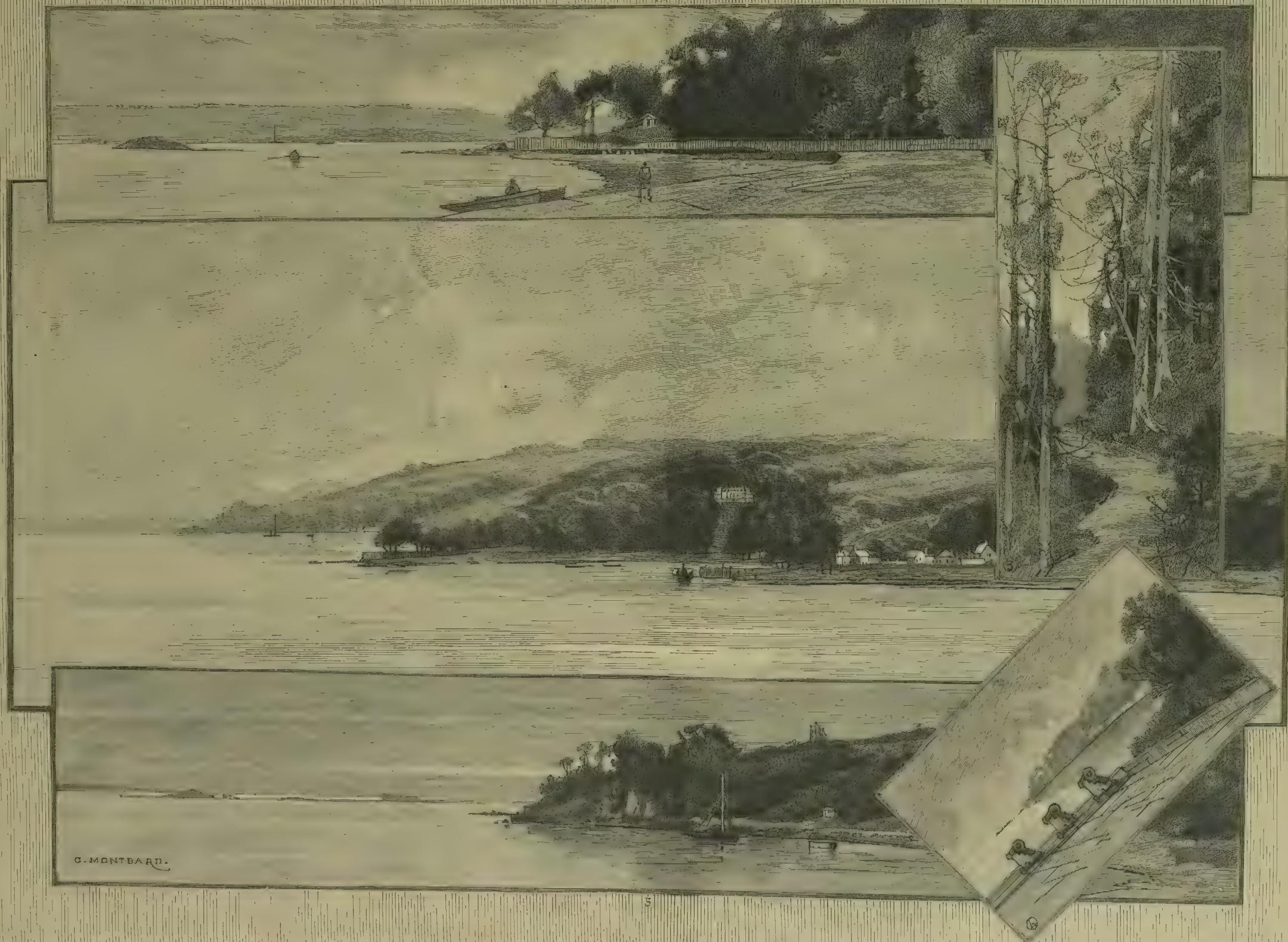
began to be "contemplative" at the early age of six, and left off using soap, or wearing decent clothes, on the first possible opportunity. Joan of Arc, on the other hand, had a natural and laudable love of going in rich attire; she herself being, as it were, the living *oriflamme* of France. The other lady became dropsical and consumptive. She wore a belt of iron points, like barbed wire; she changed water into wine, and she once prophesied that, some time or other, a king of France would come to Tours, and enter by a certain gate. A good many years later this valuable and useful prediction was fulfilled. Here, again, the points of contrast with the bright and sumptuous Pucelle are far more notable than the points of resemblance. A great lady who becomes a mendicant does not much resemble a peasant lass who becomes a great lady. A seer who prophesies a trivial event which must happen sooner or later is no rival of a seer who prophesies great events, and fulfils her own prophecy.

Marie d'Avignon (1398-1406) is remarkable for having had a vision of armour, and for being afraid that she might be expected to put it on. Catherine Sauve was burned at Montpellier in 1417 for a long string of

originality of the brave, humorous, and magnificent child, whose visions had one feature unlike those of her rivals: she converted them into historical facts.

A PICTURE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

The picture by Mr. Walter Langley, in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy, which we have reproduced by permission of the owner, Mr. M. Jewell, of Hall Place, Bexley, Kent, was selected by the Royal Academy in their choice of one to be obtained from the fund of the Chantrey Bequest. It could not, however, be added to the permanent collection of the Royal Academy, having already been sold from the artist's studio. Its title, borrowed from well-known contemporary poetry, "Never morning wore to evening, but some heart did break," strikes the keynote of that pathetic feeling which is aroused by the attitudes of the two women, sitting on the sea-shore at the entrance to a small port on the coast, evidently burthened with a great recent sorrow. The beholder of their silent grief finds that the maiden and the mother have suffered an irremediable loss. There is a whole idyll of mournful bereavement in this piece of canvas.



1. THOMSON'S SEAT, FROM CREMILL.

2. MOUNT EDGCUMBE AND CREMILL, FROM THE MAINLAND.

3. WALK IN THE PARK.

4. OLD BATTERY IN THE GARDENS.

5. BAER'S POOL, SHOWING MILTON'S TEMPLE AND THE RUIN.

ENGLISH HOMES.

No. XXXV.

Mount Edgumbe.

THE Three Towns look, across the Hamoaze and from the Hoe, at a park set so beautifully amid sea and land that its like is hardly to be found in all England. Dwellers in the east and the midlands and the north may not even know what trinity of towns it is, which its people describe always as "The Three." For their profit, then, let it be set down to begin with that these towns are Plymouth, Stonehouse, and Devonport—

country as the crow flies, comes Surrey, with its wealth of varied colour, luxuriant, heathery, rich and delicate at once; and then, passing westward, the eye sees before long a darker green in the grass, a colouring of transition, and, when Somerset is reached, perhaps to the stranger's eye even a monotony of that deeper shade.

But this is broken up as you come full south, where the fields of strong brown and green, the tors with their speckled brown-gold summits, the sea-cliffs of a deep warm red, might well give to Devonshire the name of the swarthy county. And then, as Cornwall appears, the black rocks, the white foam flashing against the clear, intense green of that ever-present sea, the rich blue of the Italian sky—all these are a world away from homely Norfolk, and how many worlds from London, shrouded in its smoke!

At Mount Edgumbe Cornwall is beginning, but Devonshire is not yet out of sight. The sea has something of the Cornish green—that blood-red sandstone of the Dawlish cliffs is seen no more; but the northward views have a background of Dartmoor tors, and, alas! the rain of Plymouth is no respecter of the new county boundaries. So it is with the counties as, according to the poet, it was with the gods—no one of whom could claim Mount Edgumbe as entirely his own. "The poet" in this case was George, Lord Lyttleton, whom the beauties of the park moved more than once to an outburst of neat mythological verse. Herein Neptune claimed the place as his own, and pointed out—

How proud o'er all the main
Those stately turrets seem to reign.

Pallas put in her plea on behalf of the land—her first appearance, perhaps, in the character of an earth-goddess. Her argument was that she had planned

Those towers, that hospital, those docks,
That fort which crowns those island rocks.

While Venus pointed to the grove "so fine, so dark, so fit for love," as surely her own; and Jove summed up with the good-natured statement that he had "made Mount Edgumbe for them all."

For lack of a Jove, Devon and Cornwall seem to have agreed to take the beautiful place in turns; and Cornwall's turn, as has been said, began not so very many years ago. From Devonian East Stonehouse to Cornish Cremill Lord Mount Edgumbe's ferry-boat now steams all day—the passage might of old have been called from East Stonehouse to West, but this latter, a village in the park, has long ago disappeared—as is, indeed, the wont of villages in parks.

The ferry-boat gives you a charming voyage of five minutes across the clear waters, and lands you at a bright little spot which its coming and going make busy all day long. Here, within a few yards, is a gateway to the park; and the great house looks down upon the water from the summit of a slope of grass bordered with trees—a wide avenue, if it be not altogether too wide for the name, with minor avenues that lie beside it. One of these leads from the gate, by a winding way, to the private grounds and the house; but it is at present rather an avenue that has been and will be, an avenue in intention, than in fact—such havoc has been wrought by sea winds and land winds in this storm-girt promontory.

As we pass uphill among the trees the prettiest thing to be seen is a little pond upon the right, tree-surrounded and tree-islanded, whose waters have caught the green of the Cornish sea. Then, a little higher, we turn to the left and reach the house: a house, perhaps, overmuch apologised for by its chroniclers. They were dazzled, no doubt, by the beauties of the park; perhaps, also, by the glories of the older seat of the family—Cotehele, one of the most wonderful houses in England, barely a dozen miles away, as you sail up the beautiful Tamar.

But, putting aside comparisons, Mount Edgumbe House stands on its hill with dignity enough: sombre

The mansion in its earliest days, Richard Carew, in his "Survey of Cornwall," ranks "for health, pleasure, and commodities with any subject's house of any degree in England"; but then Carew was the grandson of the builder, Sir Richard Edgumbe. "It is seated against the north," says he, "on the declining of a hill, in the midst of a Deere park, neere a narrow entrance, thorow which the salt water breaketh up into the country, to shape the greatest part of the haven. The house is builded square, with a round turret at eche end, garretted on the top, and the hall rising in the mids above the rest"; and later, he tells of the never-failing spring of water, and the dwelling stored with wood, timber, fruit, "Deere, and Conies," and gives a pleasant account of the amusements of Sir Richard's guests. "A little below the house, in the Summers evenings, Sayn-boats come and draw with their nets for fish; whither the gentry of the house walking downe take the pleasure of the sight, and sometimes at all adventures buy the profits of the draughts."

Among the guests of the house have often been royal people, and for them is reserved the grand entrance on this north side. Hence, standing at the top of the steps that slope down to the wide avenue, is a magnificent view of the three towns, with much of their shipping and their waters. Away on the right hand lies Plymouth among its docks; in front, still somewhat to the right, is Stonehouse; all to the left of this is Devonport, whose promotion from its lowly name of "Dock" is kept in memory by the tall column rising in its midst, and there set up just seventy years ago. All the great ships that put into Devonport Harbour must pass along the channel at the foot of the mount—Stonehouse Pool, which lies between Hamoaze and the waters of Plymouth Sound.

Perhaps even from this bare catalogue of sights to be seen from this front-door of the house of Edgumbe, one may guess something of their variety and interest. Yet this is by no means one of the greater views from the park, where a hundred points have each their prospect—eastward over Plymouth Bay and Devon, northward along the splendid harbour, westward across Cornwall, and full to south over the open sea. Wandering through the woodland or along the shore, one scarcely knows what standpoint to choose fitly to represent the whole; and it is, perhaps, in kindness to the bewildered stranger that certain landmarks have been set up, where he may find views wider, if hardly lovelier, than the rest.

Not very far from the house—say three furlongs from its nearer end—there stands a landmark which, as such, possibly serves its turn; but it is a very monstrous affair all the same—nothing less than a modern imitation-ruin. A high window and a flight of broken steps stand here, to mark the site of a Gothic building which never existed; yet it is worth while climbing to the top for the sake of the view. For hence may be had one of the completest prospects to eastward from the park. The green waters of the bay lie beneath your feet, hemmed in by the heights of Staddon, by the breakwater which lies across the mouth of the Sound—in shape like a great E reversed—by Plymouth with its splendid Hoe, and the docks and the older harbour of Cattewater. Dark in the midst of the Sound lies the little Drake's Island, with its fortress; and far off beyond the white surf of the breakwater, two great rocks rise above the sea, the nearer is called the Shagstone, the larger and further the Mewstone—in whose loneliness, it is said, a hermit couple dwelt, in years not long gone by.

A third of a century ago a scheme of defence for Plymouth was laid down, and many of the fortifications that one can now see were built to carry it out. It needs not to be said that such a harbour has always been strongly defended. Carew speaks of the sides of this hill "fenced



Photo by Heath, Plymouth.

THE EARL OF MOUNT EDGUMBE.

commonly lumped together as "Plymouth" by an unlearned world, that the Hamoaze is the estuary of the Tamar, chief of the rivers at whose mouths the town or towns are built, that the Hoe is Plymouth's view-point of the sea, and that the wooded hill which stands out across the water as the western side of Plymouth Sound is the beautiful Mount Edgumbe.

Plymouth, of course, is in Devonshire, and so of old was Mount Edgumbe; but as it is beyond the Tamar, the natural boundary of the counties, our modern passion for nature has moved it bodily into Cornwall. So now the eastern point of the southernmost county is a little promontory—all its six hundred acres included in Lord Mount Edgumbe's house and grounds—which juts out into Plymouth Harbour: a hilly peninsula, turning up northwards from that tiny foot of Cornwall which imitates in the east the great western member stretched out into the rolling Atlantic.

The north-west side of this peninsula, its north-easterly end facing the Devil's Point in Stonehouse, and its south-eastern side of forts and bay, are all hemmed in by water—Plymouth Sound, Barn Pool, and the arm of sea that stretches up to Millbrook. As far as communication with their great town goes, the people of the promontory might almost as well be on an actual island: the ferry-boat will take you across from the landing place at Cremill to Admiral's Hard in Stonehouse in five minutes, but if the weather were stormy enough to make that ferry impassable, it would cost a journey of fourteen miles to reach the same point by land. Also, though from the high grounds of the park you look over all the Three Towns, and see much of Cornwall and many hills of Devon—Hengist Down, and Brent Tor, and other Tors of Dartmoor—the great views, after all, are water views: the ocean spreading endlessly to south and south-west, the noble harbours, and fair glimpses of the half-dozen rivers that pour their waters into Hamoaze.

Still, from most high places by the seashore a good deal of water can be seen, and England has no lack of such places and their views. The special charm, the extraordinary beauty of Mount Edgumbe need some precise words of definition: and the easiest words in which to define them are perhaps the best. The charm of these views is their variety; the beauty lies first of all in their colour.

And it is difficult to give a notion of this colour to the Briton so untravelled that he has not visited south-western England: it is not easy even to make stay-at-home people realise how greatly the colour of their country varies in its different provinces. Yet, in passing from sea to sea—as from eastern Cromer, say, to Cornwall—this is the first thing that strikes one. Under the cloudy sky of Norfolk are no hot colours, but a grey northern sea, plough-turned earth, often of a cool cinnamon, the very grass of a bright, fair green—all delicately shaded hues, which escape the crudity of sunnier lands. In mid-England, crossing the



THE RUIN IN THE GROUNDS.

with blockhouses," and of the "ordinance, which, at coming and parting, with their base voices greeted such ghests as visited the house"; and Mount Edgumbe has still, in an ancient blockhouse, its private battery of twenty-one guns. Besides these is a Government battery, now unused; but from the Ruin can be seen a half-dozen fortresses, new and old—the massive Breakwater fort, the two forts on Staddon Heights which are almost the key-stone of the whole position. Mount Batten's old round tower, and the Citadel of Plymouth.

Beyond the ancient harbour of Cattewater—the estuary of the Plym, as Hamoaze is the estuary of the Tamar—the view stretches past waterside villages to the Dartmoor tors, perhaps twenty miles away. Hill and river, sea, town, and dockyard: here one has them all, and looks at them from a southern woodland, where rhododendrons bloom in mid-winter and camellias flourish in the open air.

Yet, though at Mount Edgumbe there seldom "falls the least white spot of snow," its winter winds are now and again like hurricanes of the south. In the great "blizzard"

of March 9, 1891, a beautiful slope of lofty trees—overhanging Beechwood Cottage, which, by strange fortune, escaped unhurt—was stripped almost literally bare; when all the fallen timber was, by two years' work, removed, there remained but here and there a solitary tree upstanding. A huge woodstack, as big as a house, was built of this timber, and stands not far from the top of the Amphitheatre.

Passing along the terrace above these slopes, every turn brings its fresh views: of the waters below, the forts beside them, the hillsides, the woodland, the blue southern sky overhanging all. When the eastward side of the shore is left and one goes sharply to the south, the curve of Cawsand Bay is in prospect, gay with all variety of colour—the black rocks with their white foam, the sea like malachite, and the red bracken, the hawthorn-trees, and dark Scotch firs which fill the valley. The southern side of the hill is covered with evergreens of many kinds—myrtle, arbutus, laurel—and runs down sharply to the sea; zig-zag paths have been cut in the cliff, and lead to some of the finest points of view. Here and there are seats, for the ways are steep; and from some of these one looks out upon "seascapes" only—the broad sheet of water, no longer hemmed in by land, but dotted with many sails, notably when a strong east wind is blowing and London-bound ships put in at the Sound rather than struggle against it. Fourteen miles away there rises on the horizon a memorial of many gales—the Eddystone lighthouse, built in 1881 as a successor to Smeaton's famous tower.

But one cannot name all nor one half of the points at which to take breath and admire, nor a quarter of the things from these points to be seen. Let us only rescue from oblivion the names of Picklecombe Fort, and Penleigh Point, and the Stone Piers with their lovely view; and so climb to the White Seat, almost at the very summit of the park.

Hence to the far left one can mark the inland wash of the sea, into Whitsand Bay and the Cornish coast; then Milbrook Lake, an arm of that same sea which has gone round the promontory and across the end of Hamoaze; with Milbrook village and Torpoint townlet. Next comes the junction of the Cornish river Lynher with the Tamar, lake beyond lake showing the points of union of rivers and sea. And the great waterway here runs northward under our eyes—the noble harbour, Hamoaze, Devonport dockyard, and the Tamar bringing down its rapid current from the far hills; there is no more splendid sight than the great ships lying here, quiet on the shining water. Of the famous Albert railway bridge, too, there is a glimpse, Brunel's great work, a hundred and seventy feet above the river as it narrows at picturesque Saltash. Then passing to the right, one comes to Devonport and Stonehouse, seen as before, but from a higher point, with Plymouth, where

a seat beneath the tree, some lines from Cowper's "Task"; as, indeed, the poets are largely recognised at Edgcumbe generally. A temple raised to Milton, not far from the modern Ruin, bears witness to the tradition that he loved the spot; and there is, near the old Blockhouse, a Thomson's Seat, on which has been written a description from his "Autumn" of a view which might well be that from the Seat itself—a view of docks and shipping,



MOUNT EDGCUMBE: THE OLD GUN TOWER AND THE NEW BATTERY.

shipbuilding, and the unceasing procession of boats, barges, merchantmen, and men-of-war. Ariosto has his tablet, too; and we know that Garrick and Lord Lyttleton, and other less remarkable bards, have been inspired by Mount Edgcumbe.

Another miniature temple overlooks the charming little garden which lies beside the eastern front of the house; perhaps the brightest and boldest of the fronts, with its outstanding towers to right and left, its doorway, which juts out in the midst, and the towers above. Here are flower-beds and grass, and a cedar or two—the blizzard made away with the rest—and in summer-time graceful statues, white against the greensward. But in winter the statues, less hardy than the rhododendrons, take shelter in huge boxes.

From this eastward garden one might, no doubt, pass directly into the house; but it would be unceremonious to do so, or even, perhaps, to use the back entrance on the south, close to Lord Mount Edgcumbe's private rooms—though this, the "lobby entrance," takes one directly into the saloon. And is much used by the family. But the two chief entrances are in the north front; and, assuming that we are not reigning sovereigns nor their immediate kin, we will use the one not labelled "Royal."

Before one enters the famous Hall, now more commonly called the Saloon, it is worth while to step for a moment into the little ante-room on one's left, which performs most of the functions of an entrance-hall. Here are many of the signs by which one recognises an ancient and a warlike house: old tapestry, grey and sad-coloured, adorned with large hounds of legendary breed; stags' heads and antlers on the walls, and hanging by them, pairs of crossed flags, discoloured now and faded.

Then comes the Saloon—"the hall, rising in the midst above the rest, which yieldeth a stately sound as you enter the same," says Carew, rather splendidly, though what the sound was one cannot guess. The high "rising in the midst" was, however,

more exactly true in Carew's day than in ours; for an early nineteenth-century historian has put it on record that the hall "was originally Gothic, and reached up to the roof." But even in his day it "had long been modernised," and was then a "handsome, lofty room of two storeys of different orders, with galleries supported by columns of Devonshire marble." It must be now nearly a century and a half since the first Lord Edgcumbe adorned with Doric column and pilaster and Ionic entablature the hall that had been Gothic; and, at whatever cost, he made it an extremely handsome room. A little dark, perhaps, in the daytime, it is very beautiful when the lamps are lit: two storeys high, with lofty columns of blue-grey marble, a wall of the palest pink in the upper storey, and chimneypieces, tables, and pillars gleaming with every shade of colour to be seen in the granites of Cornwall: at either end a gallery, and the gilded pipes of a fine organ glowing in one of these. Bright flowers and large-leaved plants, and furniture gay with gilding, enrich and vary the room; upon the walls are pictures of old rulers of England and new masters of Mount Edgcumbe—the present Earl and Countess, and his father, with William III. and James II., the younger Charles, and Rupert. There is a good deal of splendour, something of the true feeling of stateliness, in this hall: perhaps the lords of Mount Edgcumbe have done well to leave the dignity of the house in its keeping, and reserve drawing-rooms, library, and the rest for simple beauty, or comfort, or old-world quaintness.

It is certain that "the Gallery," into which one passes from the Saloon, has not only beauty, but character. This room may be said to share with its neighbour the functions of a drawing-room; but in passing to seagirt Mount Edgcumbe, even the drawing-room of society has "suffered a sea-change into something rich and strange." Large and low and very long, it has windows—two to eastward and one to the north—which look across a lovely stretch of garden to the Plymouth waters. The chief painter of the room is Van de Velde, who has here half-a-dozen pictures of storms and calms, of men-of-war, Dutch and British. And in the long parallelogram of the gallery there is, somehow, the suggestion of a vast and magnificent cabin—a cabin of course

impossibly vast, as for the phantom ship of an opium dream; yet a room of the sea, almost as distinctly as its fellow is a room of earthly state.

Like most of the chambers of Mount Edgcumbe, the Gallery is light in colour; its walls and ceiling are of a pink that is almost white, its windows are wide and sunny, at one end is a delightful vista, made by a tiny conservatory—an octagon, like the room perhaps even tinier and more delightful which stands out from the other end. There are four of these octagonal rooms on the ground floor of Mount Edgcumbe, each in the base of one of the four corner towers

of the original house. They are now Lord Valletort's sitting-room, a smoking-room, an old gun-room, and this Gallery boudoir, famous for delightful views in almost every direction—for it adds to the splendid prospects of the royal entrance the sight, almost nobler, of the open sea.

And the tradition goes that it was in this house—or, more exactly, from some such spot in the grounds as the pretty garden outside these windows—that Van de Velde painted the very pictures which now hang here, the most characteristic ornament of a gallery not

without its Sir Joshua, nor lacking in those Italian Old Masters generally necessary to the old English mansion.

Sir Joshua is, notwithstanding, the painter pre-eminent of Mount Edgcumbe; he was born but half-a-dozen miles away, at Plympton Maurice, and was a prophet powerful enough to obtain honour even in his own country. A local poet actually committed the following epigram in his honour—

Laudat Romanus Raphaellem, Græcus Apellem,
Plympton Reynoldem jactat, utrique parem.

Wonderful to relate, the Edgcumbes of his day did not wait till the Devonshire boy had won his fame in London; and one at least of their pictures was painted while he was yet a lad at Plympton. There is a tradition that the boy Reynolds painted his first portrait on Cremill beach, "on an old sail and with the materials of a shipwright"; and Queen Victoria records in her Journal that there are here "in the same room, pictures by him when he first began to paint, which have kept their colour; then when he made experiments, and these are quite faded; and again of his works when he discovered his mistakes, and the colour of his pictures is then beautiful."

These pictures are in the dining-room, a quaint little old-world chamber, shaped like an egg, and in colour of a lightish, most old-fashioned green. Here hangs the first Lord, sedate, and exceedingly dry, square-built, and low of stature; though the courtly Sir Joshua has not insisted on the lack of inches to which it is said that this first Baron partly owed his barony. He was actually shorter than the King; and George II. liked a friend on whose shoulder he could lean without too visible an effort.

The first Earl is not far from the first Lord, whose second son he was. This was George, the sailor, painted while he was yet a youngish man—with a keen, altogether modern face—but had already lost an arm in the service of his country. His wife hangs by him, Emma, first Countess; a woman of the true Reynolds type, well bred, very subdued, altogether "very nice"—the ideal English lady of a century ago. And there is the sad little boy who grew up into Richard, second Baron, a personage anything but sad, in spite of a passion for the gaming-table, which must have given him many a bad "next morning." Of him, however, as of his family, more hereafter.

There are not many pictures in this dining-room, nor, indeed, in the house at large; but the dozen hung here are all interesting. The most fascinating, beyond any question, is the portrait of the Duke of Monmouth—the bright, ineffective personage who might by possibility have come to be our "Protestant king." His face, as it is painted here by Lely, is certainly beautiful: rich in colour, full-lipped, sensuous and weak, with a strong likeness to the full-lipped Lucy Walters—another Lely—which hangs beside it.

"And so," as Mr. Pepys might say, "to the library," passing through a little green octagonal billiard-room, furnished with a few portraits of interest. Among these may be reckoned one that is quite new: a picture of Lord Mount Edgcumbe, whose interest lies in the fact that it shows the heir of the house in the uniform of the local Volunteers, and thus carries on for another generation the story of the descendants of the stout old Sir Richard who stood up against the Spaniards three centuries ago. One may reckon this, perhaps, as the most characteristic of the modern Mount Edgcumbe portraits. Let us note, as a contrast, one of the oldest and quaintest pictures in the house—that of Margaret Edgcumbe, who was a maid-of-honour to Queen Elizabeth and married Sir Edward Deny, and who, half a century later, recorded on her portrait, "in mourning attire," that it was painted "in the sixty-eighth year of her age and the forty-eighth of her widowhood."

The library is a room not very large, but bright and cheery; it is of emerald green, an unusual background for



MOUNT EDGCUMBE: PATHWAY IN THE PARK ALONG THE BEACH.

the Devil's Point juts out—known as Duval's Point to our less profane ancestors.

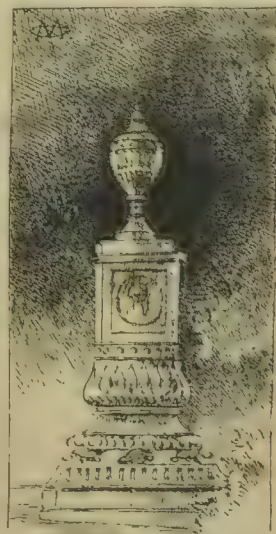
When one has exhausted the view from the White Seat—assuming that the feat is possible—there are still to be seen the deer-park, with its great herd of fallow deer, and Maker Church, near the hill-top, wherein lies buried the first Lord Edgcumbe, among the monuments of his King; and the house itself and its private grounds, with the three gardens—Italian, French, and English; and many noble trees, each worth a special visit—though here one can but note the great cork-tree, a red cedar which is said to be the largest in England, and a laurel-tree fifty feet high, called the largest in all Europe.

The church of St. Macra—whence Maker or "Macreton," as Domesday calls it—is distinguished from the generality of Cornish churches mainly by its position: set on the cliff, high up, its high tower has often been used in time of war for signalling. Indeed, one would be inclined to rewrite the line—

The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgcumbe's lofty hall, and end it with "the tower of Maker's lofty church," but for two facts: the first, that Macaulay had commonly good authority for all his picturesque detail; the second, that "church" would spoil the rhyme.

The grounds of Mount Edgcumbe are three miles round, which is a sufficient reason for not exploring them too minutely. Of the gardens, the Italian garden is to British eyes the most noticeable, in that it differs most from the homely grouping of flowers and trees that the word "garden" connotes to us. This is a stately place with statues and a fountain, a terrace, a great orangery, marble walls, and southern evergreens and flowering shrubs: all beautiful and dignified indeed.

Less rich, perhaps, is the French garden, which is made pretty with rockwork and waterwork and trelliswork, and has a trick "illusion" to be seen in the octagon room between its conservatories. In the English garden—"depending for its attractions," says the chronicler, "less upon the formal assistance of art than on the bounties of nature"—there is the grand old cedar under which a King of England once held a levee; though one is sorry, for the sake of picturesqueness, to have to admit that it was so recent a monarch as William IV. Here are inscribed, on



MONUMENT TO TIMOTHY BRETT.



OVERLOOKING THE BAY.

PLYMOUTH SOUND, FROM THE GROUNDS.

MOUNT EDGCUMBE, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF MOUNT EDGCUMBE.

books, yet has many of the signs of a true book-room. To begin with, there are not from its windows the wide prospects of water and shipping which elsewhere in the house distract the thoughts; the greensward slopes sharply up beyond a narrow strip of lawn, and evergreens and trees range along the top, thus limiting even the sky-view.

Then the books are carefully and amply catalogued; and a glance at the long list of their names shows that scholars have taken part in their gathering together—a page opened at random tells of seventeen editions of Virgil. A series of great volumes, labelled “Our Journal,” comes, it is true, almost within danger of classification among Lamb’s *bibliæ a-bibliæ*; but though, indeed, this Journal lacks letterpress, the photographs of which it is made up are in themselves a complete chronicle of the wanderings of the family, named and dated; and picture-books deserve, surely, their place in every library.

A volume in manuscript is one of the most interesting things in the room; it bears for title and subtitle, “Mt. E., MSS.” and “London Letters from Philip Edgecumbe, 1660-1683, and other papers,” and is a very elaborate and useful *précis* of manuscripts here preserved, with many extracts, and a complete dictionary of the people and places mentioned therein. It is dated 1887.

Another volume which, perhaps, does not succeed in escaping the Lamb definition, has nevertheless for many

the daughter and heiress of Stephen Durnford of Stonehouse.

One word for the bright and pleasant china-room, with its store of dishes, many of them interesting as well as valuable, since they illustrate the earlier art of the country: here is, especially, a great deal of old Plymouth ware—immense plates, abominably heavy, some very handsome jars, and an elaborate greyhound. And, with another word for the ancient, low-roofed and heavy-arched cellars—generally among the most interesting parts of an old house—one may pass from the building itself to the story of its builders and their forerunners.

Not many among our old English Homes can boast that from their beginning they have been in the possession of the same family; but the Edgecumbes built Mount Edgecumbe and gave it their name, and in three centuries and a half the line of descent has not been broken. Only once has a brother inherited from a brother; in every other case the son—and generally the eldest son—has taken the father’s place. With no help from the antiquary’s imagination, Lord Valletort, the present heir to the title, can trace his descent for seventeen generations, to Richard Edgecumbe Edgecombe, of Eggecombe, Eggecombe, or Edgecomb, variously reported as in Devon or Cornwall; and Richard—in spite of his somewhat mythical spelling—seems pretty certainly to have been of a good old family,

stream, persuaded them that the desperate man had committed suicide; but he escaped to Brittany, and afterwards fought very comfortably on Bosworth Field.

Of Sir Richard the builder, Carew gives us an exceedingly likable account, extending over many pages. The “good old Knight of the Castle,” as he was called, was a man of much estimation in his county, wise, courteous, kind, and of true charity. He clearly took special pride in being accounted a careful housekeeper: had always in hand two years’ provision of all things necessary for himself and his family, was ever willing to buy a “good pennyworth”—*modernice*, a bargain—even of that for which he had no present use, and never allowed the ready money in his chest to fall below one hundred pounds.

The standing story at Mount Edgecumbe—for it has been noted more than once that most of these ancient houses have their permanent jokes, their hereditary “grouse in the gun-room”—relates how during Queen Mary’s war with France the admirals of the fleets of Spain and the Netherlands, which had joined the English fleet at Plymouth, were magnificently entertained by Sir Richard Edgecumbe: and that the Duke of Medina Sidonia enjoyed himself so much that, when he afterwards sailed along the English coast in command of the Armada, he put down Mount Edgecumbe as his share of the booty.

The Richards and Piers who intervened between the



MOUNT EDGECUMBE: SIDE VIEW FROM THE PRIVATE GARDENS.

visitors an unequalled fascination; and this is the autograph-book in which for many years guests at Mount Edgecumbe have inscribed their names. Here are records, one might almost say, of half the crowned heads of Europe: Napoleon III., the Austrian Empress, “Wilhelm, Prinz von Preussen, 1887,” our own Prince of Wales, and, of course, the Duke of Edinburgh who was lately ours, and who, when he was stationed at Plymouth, was a constant visitor at Mount Edgecumbe.

Ranged above the bookshelves are portraits of Edgecumbes and others surrounding Charles I. and his Queen; and beneath, one is forced to admit, is a strange visitant for a library—nothing less than a grand piano. Its presence compels us to remember that a book-room is but a comparatively late addition to Mount Edgecumbe House: and almost suggests the reasonable thought that our inference from the excellent catalogue and the limited view was unfounded.

Of the other rooms no extended list need be given: the most noteworthy are perhaps the Royal Suite—often in use, as the autograph-book has shown us. There are countless little corridors, infinitely puzzling to the stranger; and to guide the wanderer an excellent old plan has been adopted. Every bed-room has its name, and on each door this name is painted, with a date no doubt connected with the alliances of the family. Thus a yellow bed-chamber with a very stately old tester-bed bears the inscription, “Durnford 1493,” and one remembers that Sir Piers Edgecombe in the days of Henry VII. married

living at the manor of doubtful locality which gave them its name.

Carew, however, is certain as to the county, and tells how “in protract of Time this family removed over the Tamer, where it settled at *Cuttail*, in the parish of *Calstock*, separated from Devon only by the breadth of that River.” This was, of course, Cothele, still the second seat of the family: the magnificent house built in the reign of Edward III. by William de Eggescombe, who had married Hilaria, sister and heiress of Ralph Cotehele de Cotehele.

The Edgecumbes, indeed, were fortunate in their alliances. Sir Richard, who built Mount Edgecumbe house, was son of “Sir Piers or Peter (for *Richard* or *Piers* were alternately in the progeny, ten descents following),” who, marrying Joan, the daughter and heiress of Stephen Durnford of East Stonehouse, had brought the family and its fortunes back into Devonshire.

This same Sir Richard was a notable personage altogether, but before we come to him we must look for a moment at the picturesque figure of his grandfather, also a Richard, and therefore also son of a Piers. This gentleman, who was M.P. for Tavistock in 1467, joined the rebellion of the Duke of Buckingham, and narrowly escaped hearing Richard the Third’s customary “Off with his head!” However, he succeeded in hiding himself in his woods on the banks of Tamar; and when he was as good as lost—or, to be exact, as good as found—deceived the troop in pursuit of him by throwing his cap, filled with stones, into the water. The heavy splash, and the cap seen floating on the

first Edgecumbe of Mount Edgecumbe and the first Baron of that ilk were for the most part men of some note: an assertion which we have not space to prove, but for which there is ample warrant. The first Lord Edgecumbe, however, made for himself a position almost as prominent, perhaps, in the kingdom as was that of his forbears in the county. He was one of Walpole’s right-hand men; and, though it is said that he was given his peerage “to prevent his being examined by the secret committee concerning the management of the Cornish boroughs”—and perhaps, as has been mentioned, in part because he had the luck to be actually shorter than the King—there is no doubt that he well deserved his promotion. “One of the honestest and steadiest men in the world,” Horace Walpole called him.

His son, a wit, a painter, and a very bad poet, the comrade of the most brilliant men of his time and an early patron of Reynolds, outlived the first Lord but three years; and a second son, George, succeeded. This was one of the most vigorous of his race. A sailor, he rose to the rank of admiral, and saw a good deal of service. In 1781 he was created Viscount Mount Edgecumbe and Valletort, and eight years later was made an Earl. His son, grandson, and great-grandson have succeeded to the title; and the second and fourth Earls have been Lord Lieutenants of their county. Altogether, one may say, an energetic, public-spirited, level-headed race—not unworthy descendants of those men of Devon thanks to whom the Duke of Medina Sidonia was disappointed of his share of the Armada’s booty.

EDWARD ROSE.



Four Generations of the Royal House of England:

THE QUEEN, THE PRINCE OF WALES, THE DUKE OF YORK, AND PRINCE EDWARD ALBERT OF YORK.

Photographed by Special Command of the Queen by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

THE BICENTENARY OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

Two hundred years ago, almost to the very day—the actual date was July 27, 1694—the Bank of England Charter was sealed, and the first court was held in the chapel of the Mercers' Hall, where the subscriptions of its capital were made in a few brief days, and where the business of an institution that was to alter the commercial history of this country was carried on for the two first



WILLIAM PATERSON,
FOUNDER OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND. BORN 1655; DIED 1719.

months of its existence. £1,200,000 was the sum subscribed to start the venture, which had been conceived three years before by the shrewd brain of a Scottish adventurer, one William Paterson, to whose idea the necessities of a Government in terrible need of the sinews of war eventually



SIR JOHN HOUBLON,
FIRST GOVERNOR OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

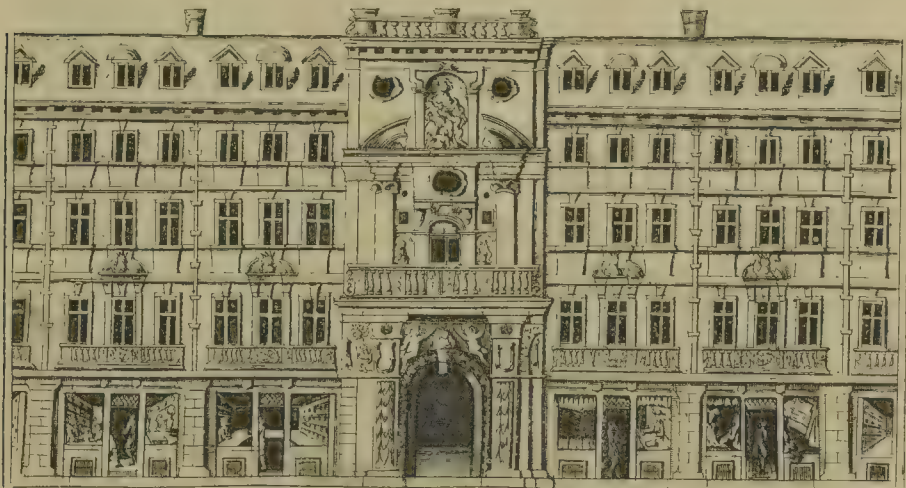
garden; and here also was the Church of St. Christopher-le-Stocks and the graveyard and parsonage appertaining to that place of worship. The Bank of England as it exists to-day is the work of at least three architects: first, Mr. George Sampson, by whom the great central pay-hall, which fronts the main entrance, was designed, and which dates from 1734; then, between 1770 and 1786, Sir Robert Taylor, who had succeeded Mr. Sampson, added greatly to the building, and to him the Bank is indebted for the

and who copied in his work the style of several famous Italian buildings. The ensemble is, without doubt, solid and imposing in its exterior, while within are many beauties of architecture which well deserve a more careful attention than they usually receive. One of the features of the Bank of England is its guard of soldiers, who every



HOUSE OF SIR JOHN HOUBLON, THE SITE OF THE
BANK OF ENGLAND.

evening take up their quarters there for the protection of this "Temple of Mammon" during the silent hours. This custom dates back to the summer of 1780, when the Gordon riots, which have been made familiar to this generation by the magic pen of Dickens in the pages of "Barnaby



MERCERS' CHAPEL, USED AS BANK OF ENGLAND, 1694.

gave life. Sir John Houblon, a prominent merchant, who two years later held the office of Lord Mayor, was chosen as the first Governor of the Bank, his deputy being Mr. Michael Godfrey (a brother of the murdered Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey), a gentleman who greatly assisted Paterson in obtaining the adoption of his scheme, and who perished at the siege of Namur in the year after the founding of the Bank, where, it was said, like the youthful David, he had gone down that he might see the battle. William Paterson was one of the original directorate, but his connection with the Governor and Company was severed when the second election of directors took place, and though, later, he was the moving spirit in many adventures, his voice was no more heard in the councils of the Bank.

The second home of the new corporation was the Grocers' Hall, in the Poultry, and here for forty years it continued to transact its constantly increasing business. The site on which the present familiar building, or, rather, group of buildings, now stands was secured during the first half of the eighteenth century. Here once stood the handsome residence of the first Governor, Sir John Houblon, in its extensive

really noble Bank Parlour, where the court of the Governor and Company is still held—an apartment, this, some 60 ft. long, with Venetian windows which overlook that garden once the God's-acre of St. Christopher-le-Stocks. The rest of the most remarkable of the Bank's offices were built by Sir John Soane, who became the Bank's architect in 1788



OLD GROCERS' HALL, IN THE POULTRY, AS IT APPEARED WHEN USED AS
BANK OF ENGLAND, 1695.

Rudge," took place. At the moment when the news arrived that the mob was advancing on the Bank, flushed with its success at Newgate, but few preparations had been made. The Governor, however, was a man of energy: the military were roused from the lethargy into which they had fallen, and came to the Bank's assistance, the staff

were called on to assist, inkstands were cast into bullets, and a force was stationed on the roofs of the building to fire on the expected assailants. These preparations had their due effect, and the attack was but a feeble one, and was soon repulsed. The nightly duty at the Bank is very popular with both men and officers, for they are well cared for by the authorities, and the comfort of the inner man is by no means neglected.

During its two centuries of existence the Bank has not escaped from numerous attacks upon its credit, "runs" upon its resources, and attempts to get the better of its officials by forgeries of the most skilful character. Of the above-mentioned attacks one of the earliest and fiercest was that made by the friends and supporters of the rash scheme of the Land Bank, but this, like many others made by interested persons, the Governor and Company,



THE BANK PARLOUR: COURT OF THE GOVERNOR AND COMPANY.

though hard beset, managed to survive. Of "runs," one of the most memorable occurred in 1797, when the Bank was compelled to suspend cash payments for a time; while in another, that of 1825, the year of the "Great Panic," payments were made in half-sovereigns, the supply of sovereigns being exhausted. Many have been the frauds and attempted frauds upon the Bank. The forging of bank-notes was not started till 1758, and the ingenious gentleman who set this bad example expiated his crime on the gallows. The most notable note-forgery was one Charles Price, who flourished at the latter end of last century. At the age of seventeen he threw himself on the world with



CHARLES PRICE,
THE NOTORIOUS BANK-NOTE FORGER,
IN HIS USUAL DRESS.

the intention of living on it, and he played many parts in the drama of fraud and deception. As a fraudulent bankrupt, a fraudulent tradesman, as a stockbroker, a lottery-office keeper, and a gambler, he was of sufficient importance to find a place in "The Swindlers' Chronicle," from which had eminence it was but a step or two to "The Newgate Calendar." He became by practice a most skilful engraver, made his own ink, manufactured his own paper, with a private press worked off his forged notes, imitated the signatures of the Bank cashiers to perfection, and, with no confidant but his mistress, set the Bank and the authorities at defiance. By the use of many skilful disguises, Price kept up the game for several years, and his plunder must have been enormous, but at last, in spite of all his ingenuity, in spite of his innumerable disguises, he learned that the game was up, and saved Jack Ketch the trouble by hanging himself. A jury sat on the body of this rogue, and his obsequies were conducted at midnight at "the four cross-roads," then the usual cemetery of a suicide. Of other frauds on the Bank, that of Fauntleroy the banker is one of the most celebrated, this gentleman having contrived by forged powers of attorney to swindle the corporation out of some £360,000. In more modern times, some of our American cousins did the "Old Lady" to the tune of nearly £100,000 by forged bills, but the fraud was disclosed, most of the money recovered, and the fraudulent syndicate sentenced to penal servitude for life. This was something over twenty years ago.

Of the fifteen Chief Cashiers who have held the helm of the Bank's affairs, the best remembered of these officials in earlier times is probably Mr. Abraham Newland, whose name was often used as a pseudonym for the notes issued during his reign. This gentleman



MR. ABRAHAM NEWLAND.

Served the Bank of England for more than half a century, and retired as Chief Cashier in 1807.



IMITATION BANK-NOTE BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

Its publication is said to have done much to help the agitation for the abolition of capital punishment for forgery.

served the Governor and Company for more than half a century, and for five-and-twenty years is said never to have slept outside the walls of the Bank. In 1807 he retired from the service, refused the pension offered by the Bank, and died the same year, leaving a fortune of £200,000 and a landed estate worth £1000 a year. The first Chief Cashier was John Kenrick, while the present holder of this important post is, as all the world knows—and, by the way, is never unwilling to receive a reminder—Mr. Horace George Bowen, who was appointed on the retirement of Mr. Frank May last autumn. The present Governor of the Bank is Mr. David Powell, who has been elected to the coveted post for a second time this year. Mr. Powell is the ninety-ninth gentleman who has ruled over the fortunes of the Bank. Visitors to the great establishment in Threadneedle Street—and visitors are allowed, though perhaps not encouraged—who see the busy hive of workers, the great offices



CHARLES PRICE IN DISGUISE.

where notes are issued, where on their return they are sorted, entered, and put away, eventually to be burned; where the Government accounts are kept, and where private customers are attended to; the Rotunda, where dividends are paid, the huge department devoted to printing, the bullion office, the vaults, the goldweighing machinery, the treasury, and all the various sections of this vast undertaking, would hardly believe that this institution, which now, with its branches, gives employment to nearly 1100 clerks and messengers, began its operations in the small chapel of a City Company, with a staff of four-and-fifty, whose combined salaries amounted to less than £5000 per annum. Of the above mentioned branches there are now eleven, two in London and nine in the provinces. This system of branch banks dates back to 1826, when it was proposed to the Bank authorities by the Government. Branches were then established at Gloucester, Manchester, and Swansea, but of this original trio only the Manchester branch exists. In London the Law Courts branch is comparatively new, most of the Chancery work which was the nucleus of its increasing business having been in former times transacted at the head office. It is interesting to recall the fact that before 1759 the Bank issued no notes of a less value than £20. Notes for £1 and £2 were first issued in 1797, but of these none have been in circulation for a great number of years, while the familiar and handy "five" first saw the light in 1794, exactly one hundred years after the founding of the great institution. W. C. F.



BANK OF ENGLAND FIVE-POUND NOTE OFFICE.



JEAN BART ENGAGING FRENCH SAILORS AT DUNKIRK IN 1680.

After the Picture by Madame Demont-Breton, in the Paris Salon.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A topic of great social interest, and one which very naturally possesses a need of scientific interest as well, has lately been discussed in the pages of a monthly review. Under the heading of "The Tree of Knowledge" various writers give their opinions regarding the desirability of young people being versed in details chiefly relating to the relations of the sexes as a possible safeguard against the evils and dangers which ignorance of these details is alleged to bring in its train. As is usual in such discussions, we find the two sides of a question well represented in this instance. We are told, on the one hand, that all such information is *contra bonos mores*—using the phrase in the social sense; that young people are best when left severely alone in this matter; and that all information regarding esoteric matters is only calculated to lead to that pruriency which is a prelude to the very dangers it is desired to avoid. The other side teaches that ignorance is the parent of vice and crime in the society sense as well as in the actual everyday sense; that it is better far to warn than to cure; that knowledge of the relations of the sexes, imparted judiciously by those responsible for the welfare of young people, will save a multitude of social wrecks; and that it is better to anticipate the often erroneous teaching of the world by the sound teaching of the family.

One knows what has suggested the topic. In these latter days of literature with a purpose, and of the man-novel and the woman-novel, the burning question arises out of the perusal of such books, "What and how much shall we teach our young folks?" Discussing the matter with a cynical friend the other day, he remarked that perchance it would be well first to inquire if much teaching of this kind was required at all. His argument was that a great deal of what the enthusiasts desire to teach comes by nature. This latter statement begs the whole question; for if the knowledge of right and wrong in the sexual relations came by nature, there would be no need to clamour for more light at all. I suppose there is a certain grade or level (a very low one, truly) of knowledge of bodily functions attained all round, but my experience—and not a small experience, certainly, professionally regarded—goes to convince me, at least, that educated and cultured men and women may be very ignorant of much that is needful to know for the preservation of ordinary health and physical well-being. Do you remember how strikingly Herbert Spencer, in his "Education" protests against this ignorance, and how scathingly he speaks of the educated mother whose child has perished from her lack of physiological knowledge, and who can certainly gain small comfort from the fact that she "can read Dante in the original?"

My professional work has led me, for the past fifteen years or so, very closely into contact with the work of health-teaching. I know that the ordinary laws of health are still a mystery to the public, else we had not the grievous epidemics and other ills of preventable nature still to contend with. In a word, everybody needs instruction in matters of health and personal hygiene; and in the face of this notorious fact, I fail to see how we are entitled to grumble and growl that the deeper mysteries of sex and being and development are still hidden things save to a few enterprising spirits and to professional physiologists.

As regards teaching people the laws of the sexual relations, I am afraid certain ardent reformers, wishful to make everything plain and clear, neglect to reflect, first, upon what it is that should be taught, and who it is that we are to license to teach. To the full, I agree with those who say that young people beyond the age of mere boyhood and girlhood should possess such knowledge of themselves, personally, as may, and will, save them from many an error of physical life, and many a pitfall of moral kind. I do not think anyone who knows the untold misery which ignorance brings in its train will contradict me here. And, after all, does not youth contrive sooner or later to acquire this knowledge, often badly, mostly in byways, and always more or less at the cost of bitter experience? Danger to morals always springs out of ignorance. For one case in which knowledge may work out base things in life, there are scores in which ignorance brings only sickness of body and misery of mind. Nature is always teaching us something indirectly about ourselves, and even a lesson in botany, dealing with the loves of the flowers, may contain the germ and kernel of much after-teaching about ourselves. What one wishes to see in our educational systems is some systematic instruction in what is left at best to chance as things are. I say nothing about which educational system is best—school, college, or home, or all three combined. I merely hold with those who say that if we live in a world which is full of temptation and sin, we are not doing our duty to those who are dependent on us if we leave them to the bare chance of being taught, erroneously as it may happen, of things which are vital to their whole well-being.

The "tree of knowledge," if my memory serves me aright, was one which bore evil fruit as well as good. Perhaps it is the knowledge how to avoid evil which makes it essential, or which renders it unavoidable, that to guard against harm the learner must know the evil as well as the good. The closest argument on any side of the matter is that which holds that the world will tend to teach our young folks evil, whether we like it or not. They cannot escape contact with it. It is this same evil which the modern novelist with a purpose preaches about and warns us about, in that its effects reach from the streets and highways into our homes. Therefore, if to lessen misery, to avoid ill-health, to guard the young against the sins into which ignorance—driven, mark you, by the strong hand of nature and passion—may lead them, be worthy aims of education, I see no way-out save that of instructing our youth in so much of personal hygiene as will show them clearly how best to preserve the temple of the body (and mind) pure and intact.

Who may best do this, I repeat, is not an easy matter to determine. A wise schoolmaster, a judicious school-mistress may do much in a quiet unobtrusive way. But I hope most from the mother and from the father. They know the fruits of the tree of knowledge. Let them see to it that they teach the beauty of purity, and the scorn of the Dead Sea apples that abound.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

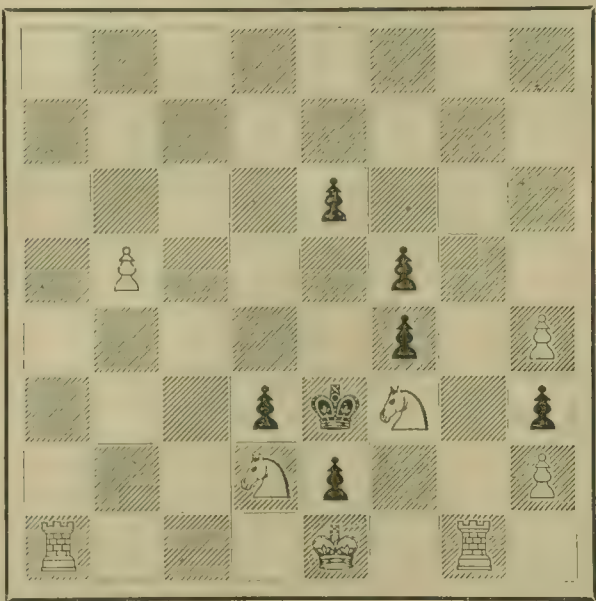
Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

EN PASSANT (Guy's Hospital).—The White King cannot take the Rook, and is clearly checkmated.
No. 2 (Naaman's Ward).—See answer above.
W CUMBERLAND.—The problem you send is full of faults, and even if correct is too weak in construction.
A W (Workshop).—We were in great doubt; but finally decided against publication. We should be glad to examine further specimens of your composition.
H E B.—Thanks, we look forward with interest to the work.
F K (Worcester).—We cannot tell you, but advise you to write to the secretary of the club.
R KING.—If Black play 1. P to K 5th, then 2. Kt to Kt 4th or Q to B 5th. This dual continuation in main play is a serious blemish in the construction of the Problem.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2618 and 2619 received from Louis C Simonds (Mexico); of No. 2621 from Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 2622 from W Mackenzie, H S Brandreth, Howich, Foldes Sándor (Kolozvár), Hereward, Emile Frau, H H (Peterborough), and A Wheeler (Workshop); of No. 2623 from T G (Ware), Emile Frau (Lyons), Henry Byrnes (Torquay), Albert Wolff, A Wheeler, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), E G Boys, W E Thompson, W Mackenzie, and J Bailey (Newark).
CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2624 received from J Ross (Whitley), Sorrento, E Loudon, A Wheeler, E E H, Hereward, J Coad, T G (Ware), Alpha, E G Boys, C D (Camberwell), Edward J Sharpe, J F Moon, J W Scott (Newark), H S Brandreth, Martin F, R N Brooks, W R Raillem, W Mackenzie, W P Hind, H B Hurford, Dawn, G Joicey, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Fr Fernando (Glasgow), Shadforth, Bluet, W Wright, F Waller (Luton), J D Tucker (Leeds), M Burke, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), Admiral Brandreth, F Glanville, and L Desanges.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF MR F MEYER'S PROBLEM received from G Joicey, M Burke, W P Hind, Sorrento, F Waller (Luton), W Mackenzie, T G (Ware), J W Scott (Newark), and Martin F.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2623.—By CHEVALIER DESANGES.

WHITE
1. Kt to B 2nd
2. Kt to K 3rd
3. R to R 4th, Mate
BLACK
K to Q 4th
K moves
If Black play 1. B takes Kt, 2. R to Kt 8th (ch). If 1. P to B 5th, 2. B to Q 3rd. If 1. any other, then 2. Kt to R 3rd, &c.

PROBLEM No. 2626.
By F. H. L. MEYER.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the match between Messrs. SHOWALTER and HODGES.
(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	30. Q to K 2nd	P to Q 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	31. Q to Q R 6th	R to Kt 4th
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	32. K to R 2nd	Q to B 6th
4. Castles	B to K 2nd	33. Kt to K 2nd	Q to K 4th
5. Kt to B 3rd	P to Q 3rd	34. K to R sq	Q to Q 3rd
6. P to Q 4th	P takes P	35. Q takes Q	P takes Q
7. Kt takes P	B to Q 2nd	36. R to B 6th	B to Kt 4th
8. B takes Kt	P takes B	37. P to B 4th	
9. P to Q Kt 3rd			
A continuation which may be commended generally. Obviously Black's Q Kt file being open, there is always the danger of R to Kt sq. Besides, the Bishop is strongly posted at Kt 2nd.			
10. B to Kt 2nd	Castles	37. P to B 4th	P takes P
11. Q to Q 3rd	R to K sq		P takes P
12. Q R to K 3rd	B to K B sq		
13. K Kt to K 2nd	P to B 4th		
14. Kt to Kt 3rd	B to B 3rd		
15. P to B 4th	P to Kt 3rd		
Maintaining the pressure and intending to advance to B 5th. But as Black has a well sustained attack on the K P, it was perhaps better to delay this movement.			
16. P to K R 3rd	B to K Kt 2nd		
17. Kt to Q sq	P to R 4th		
18. P to B 5th	P to R 5th		
19. R P takes P	R P takes P		
20. P takes P	R to Q Kt sq		
21. Q to K B 3rd	R P takes P		
22. Kt to K 3rd	R to K 3rd		
	Q to K B sq		
This is an excellent move for both attacking and defensive purposes. White intended a sacrifice by Kt to B 5th, with a fine game in hand, but this reply completely frustrates his purpose.			
23. Kt to Kt 4th	Kt takes Kt		
24. B takes B	Q takes B		
25. Q takes Kt	Q R to K sq		
26. R to B 4th	P to K B 4th		
27. Q to Kt 5th	R to K 4th		
28. Q R to K B sq	P takes P		
29. Q to Kt 4th	B to Q 2nd		
White still plays to win, but there seems a draw by R to K sq. Mr. Showalter considers that here he made an unfortunate venture, but he scarcely anticipated the bold and elegant manner in which Black meets his attack.			
		37. P to B 4th	P takes P
			P takes P
This sacrifice is both brilliant and sound. But any other course allows White to win Pawns and regain all that was lost.			
		39. Kt takes B	P to Q 4th
		40. Kt to B 7th	R to Q B sq
		41. Kt to K 6th	R to B 4th
		42. R takes P (ch)	K to B 2nd
		43. R takes R (ch)	K takes R
		44. R takes P	P to Kt 7th
		45. Kt to B 4th (ch)	
The point of this very interesting end game is that White, though he has a piece for a Pawn, cannot prevent one of the Pawns from queening. The whole game is pleasing, full of point, and free from any approach to dullness.			
		45. Kt to B 4th (ch)	K to B 3rd
			R to Q R sq
		46. R to Q sq	K to K 4th
		47. Kt to Q 5th (ch)	K to K 4th
		48. Kt to B 3rd	R to R 8th
		49. Kt to Kt sq	P to B 5th
		50. R to K Kt sq	R takes Kt
		51. R takes R	P to B 6th
			Black wins.

The contest between Messrs. Showalter and Hodges resulted in the victory of the latter after a keen fight. Both players were well matched, as the game we publish above will show, but the coolness of the winner proved too much for the impulsive onslaughts of Mr. Showalter. Among other news from America is the announcement that Mr. Lasker has accepted Mr. Steinitz's challenge to play again next December. In this connection we may also announce that Mr. Bird is just publishing the games of the last match with original notes, the issue to be made immediately.

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GREEK VASE-PAINTINGS.

Greek Vase-Paintings. By J. E. Harrison and D. S. MacColl. (T. Fisher Unwin).—This sumptuous folio, with more than forty full-page illustrations, recalls the publications of the Dilettante Society in its earlier and palmy days. Recent German critics have appreciated in high terms the services done to classic art by that select society, which in earlier times had ample funds at its disposal from sources which have since dried up. They, at least, showed the direction in which subsequent and more systematic labourers should turn their eyes, and paved the way for the explorations of Newton, Schliemann, and the more recent Hellenic Schools of Archaeology. Miss Harrison's work addresses itself alike to artists and amateurs of fine design, and it was, we believe, originally by the encouragement of Sir Edward Burne-Jones that she was induced to carry out her self-imposed task. This was "to bring together choice examples of Greek vase-painting which hitherto have been accessible in no handy form and at no moderate cost." With this object she has ransacked the folios of collectors, the Transactions of learned societies, and the works of students in all parts of Europe. The result is a collection of reproductions of sufficiently large size and minute accuracy to be invaluable alike to the students of mythology and art in their earlier phases. In an introductory historical note, drawn up strictly with reference to the plates, Miss Harrison dwells upon various methods by which vases were made and painted, and the uses to which they were applied; upon the places they respectively occupy in the development of fictile and pictorial art; and, what is quite as important, the light they shed upon the current or abandoned myths of the time. The sixth century is chosen by Miss Harrison as that of the great vase-painters—the black-figured masters at its beginning and the red-figured masters at its close. In 480 B.C. the Acropolis was sacked by the Persians, and all work subsequent to that day was more or less modified by the new influences brought to bear upon Greek art and mythology. Miss Harrison has therefore limited herself to the reproduction of such vases as by general consent belong to the true Hellenic period; and students, as they pass from one admirable illustration to another, will by the aid of the short explanation affixed to each be enabled to gather a fairly complete idea of the value and beauty of painted vases. Mr. MacColl's contribution to the volume is a short prefatory note, sonorous, indeed, but scarcely in harmony with the key in which the remainder of the letterpress is written, in which the naïveté of early art is as much lost sight of as beauty of line, as the basis of Greek art, is ignored. It would not be fair to say that Mr. MacColl appears in the character of Ion the Ephesian, for he can do more than discuss the merits of Polygnotus. And although one cannot help feeling that he has little sympathy with the early Greek vase-painters, except on rare occasions, one must admit that his strictures are useful and suggestive.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY FURNITURE.

Furniture and Decoration in England During the Eighteenth Century. Edited by John Aldam Heaton. (John Bumpus).—In his introductory notice to the designs which form the greater portion of these valuable volumes, the editor unconsciously suggests the solution of the difficulty which meets him at the outset: He asks what was the aim of the architects, cabinet-makers, and decorators of the eighteenth century in "their pretended desire" for neo-classicism? and dismisses almost scornfully a mere pandering to the "dilettantism" of the day. This word, in our opinion, gives the key to the situation. The first edition of Chippendale's "Gentleman Cabinet-Maker's Director," with its valuable designs, appeared in 1754; and we may take this as marking the period at which the taste for such furniture had become recognised. Just twenty years previously the Dilettante Society, originally founded at Rome, had been established in London. It was composed of men of fashion, means, and taste, with a very distinct leaning towards "classicism." It is recognised in all the memoirs of the eighteenth century that the Dilettanti exercised an important influence in English society—even upon those, like Walpole, whom they aggravated. Is anything, then, more likely than that the impetus to this later Renaissance in England was primarily due to a body of men—for the most part young, wealthy, and of high position—who were thoroughly impressed with the superiority of classical over Gothic design? It is more than probable that this classicism reached the English furniture of the eighteenth century through a French medium. It is a little difficult to follow Mr. Heaton in his assertion that Chippendale and his fellow-workers were acquainted with the French work of Androuet, published in the sixteenth century; and it seems little likely that Le Pautre was indebted to Chippendale, for the prevalence of the same tastes in both France and England would sufficiently account for the similarity of the work produced. Chippendale's own desires, moreover, may have been, and probably were, influenced by the sudden invasion of the "Chinese mania" which broke out among collectors and virtuosi in the latter half of the eighteenth century. It was patronised by Sir William Chambers and illustrated by the works of Edwards and Darley. The next important names in the history of decorative art are those of the brothers Adam, who claimed "to have carried on and completed the diffusion of better taste," and the claim has been admitted by the present generation. Matthew Darley, A. Heppelwhite, and Thomas Sheraton bring us to the close of the century, to whom should be added the Anglo-Italians Pergolesi, Cipriani, &c., by whose efforts the taste for a pseudo-classic style was maintained. The last named modified the designs of Chippendale much in the same way as the furniture-makers of Louis the Fifteenth's reign had improved upon those of the Louis XIV. period. It is with the object of bringing before the eyes this movement, which extended over the whole of the last century, that Mr. Heaton has devoted time and labour. The results are to be found in four elaborately illustrated volumes, which, although more especially addressed to the makers and designers of furniture, will at the same time be a constant source of interest to those who care to try the products of the present by the aims of the past century.

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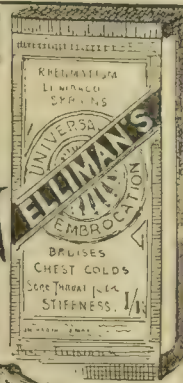
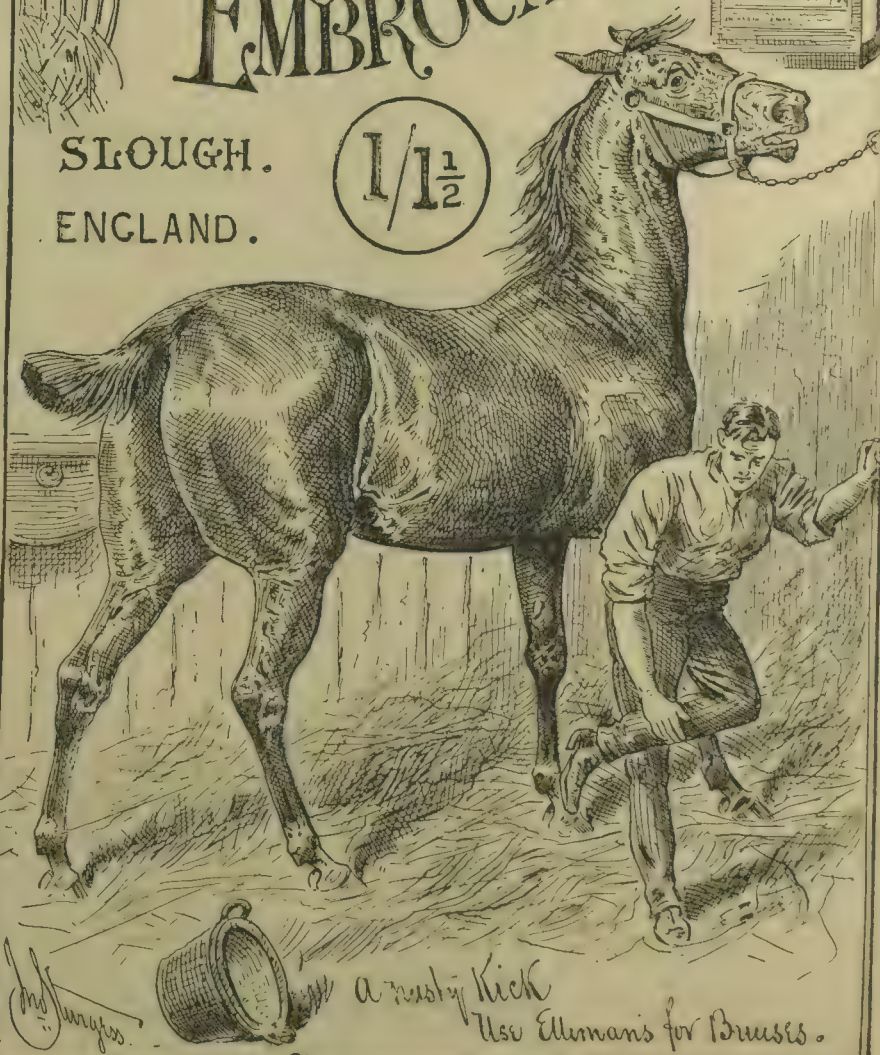
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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Further lists are issued of the London University M.A. examinations, and the interesting fact is disclosed that



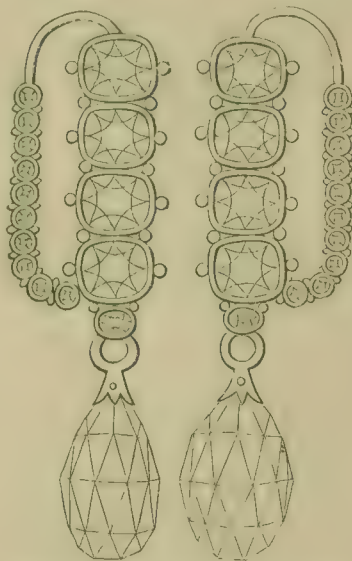
Photo by S. Victor White, Reading.
MISS BEATRICE MARIAN OAKLEY.

School, and afterwards at Bedford College. The severity of the examination passed by the new M.A.s may be judged from the fact that out of twenty-five candidates (nearly all men) only nine passed, and these two girls came out at the head of them. The German scholar is Miss Ada Aldis, and she also comes from Bedford College.

There is nothing for this fitful climate of ours like the "tailor style"—long may it wave! It is doing so in full force at present; for even for Goodwood, where the style is properly that of a garden party, tailor dress is being largely made. It is possible to have it become somewhat ornate by a considerable admixture of silk, or by elaborate braiding; but the useful plain cloth or tweed loose-fronted coat, and skirt of the same material, has the general preference for walking and country dresses, since it can be made more or less smart by varying the style of the vest and of the head-covering. In fact, the coat and skirt have, for the time being at any rate, become to us for everyday wear the same useful sort of almost uniform that men have adopted for their evening dress. It has certain great advantages, undoubtedly, to establish in fashion a democratic garment, which may be of rather finer or cheaper stuff, and more or less well cut according to the

skill of the sartorial artist, and perhaps aided by a trifle in the way of studs; but at a glance and in general outline does not proclaim the rank and means of the wearer, and by its very design does not allow of great extravagance in any detail. It has been a great boon for poor young men and busy elder ones to get the evening uniform established, so that the one set need not pay much money, or the other waste much time, to get the right thing. The loose coat and skirt answer at this moment to the same description for women. The style looks all right worn almost anywhere in the daytime, it does not admit of great differences in cost or details, and it seems equally suitable to the woman of fashion on the racecourse and the dear little clerk womanfully trudging along to earn her daily bread.

The "Court Circular" of a few days since stated that "Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, of New Bond Street, have had the honour of submitting to the inspection of H.M. the Queen a pair of diamond earrings which originally belonged to Queen Marie Antoinette of France." The jewellery spoken of and here depicted is very closely connected with the unhappy history of the celebrated Marie Antoinette. The necklace was made in 1785 and offered to Queen Marie Antoinette for £56,000. The Queen desired the necklace but she feared the expense, for already public opinion was

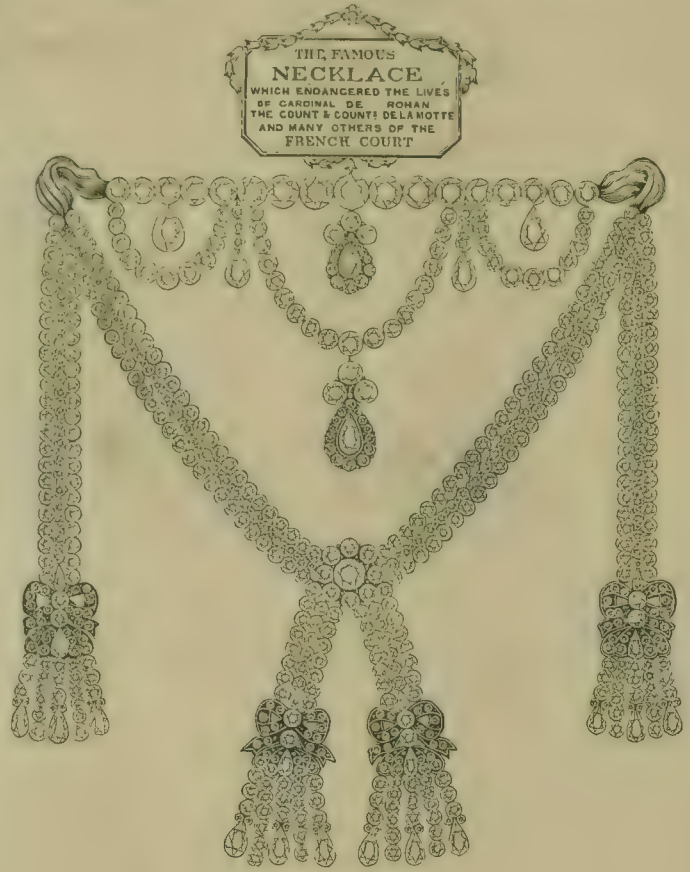


DIAMOND EARRINGS ORIGINALLY BELONGING TO QUEEN MARIE ANTOINETTE.

bitter on such points. The Countess de la Motte (of the ancient house of Valois), however, carried a letter purporting to bear the signature of Queen Marie Antoinette to the Cardinal Prince de Rohan, professing that the Queen looked with favour on his attachment to her, and asking him at the same time to conclude a bargain with the jeweller. The Countess thus obtained and made away with the necklace. For this she was tried in 1786 and sentenced to be branded on the shoulders and imprisoned for life. The Queen denied having written the letter; Cardinal de Rohan was tried and acquitted; but the public in France at the time suspected the Queen to be a party to the fraud, and it was thought that the miserable affair would have overturned the throne. The earrings, with pendants of two fine and unique brilliants of extraordinary shape and fire, were purchased by

Queen Marie Antoinette from Boehmer, in 1774, and in 1846 became the property of Messrs. Hunt and Roskell. They were sold by them, and after many years have again returned to their hands.

Just at the moment when we are contenting ourselves with this uniform style of walking and travelling dress,



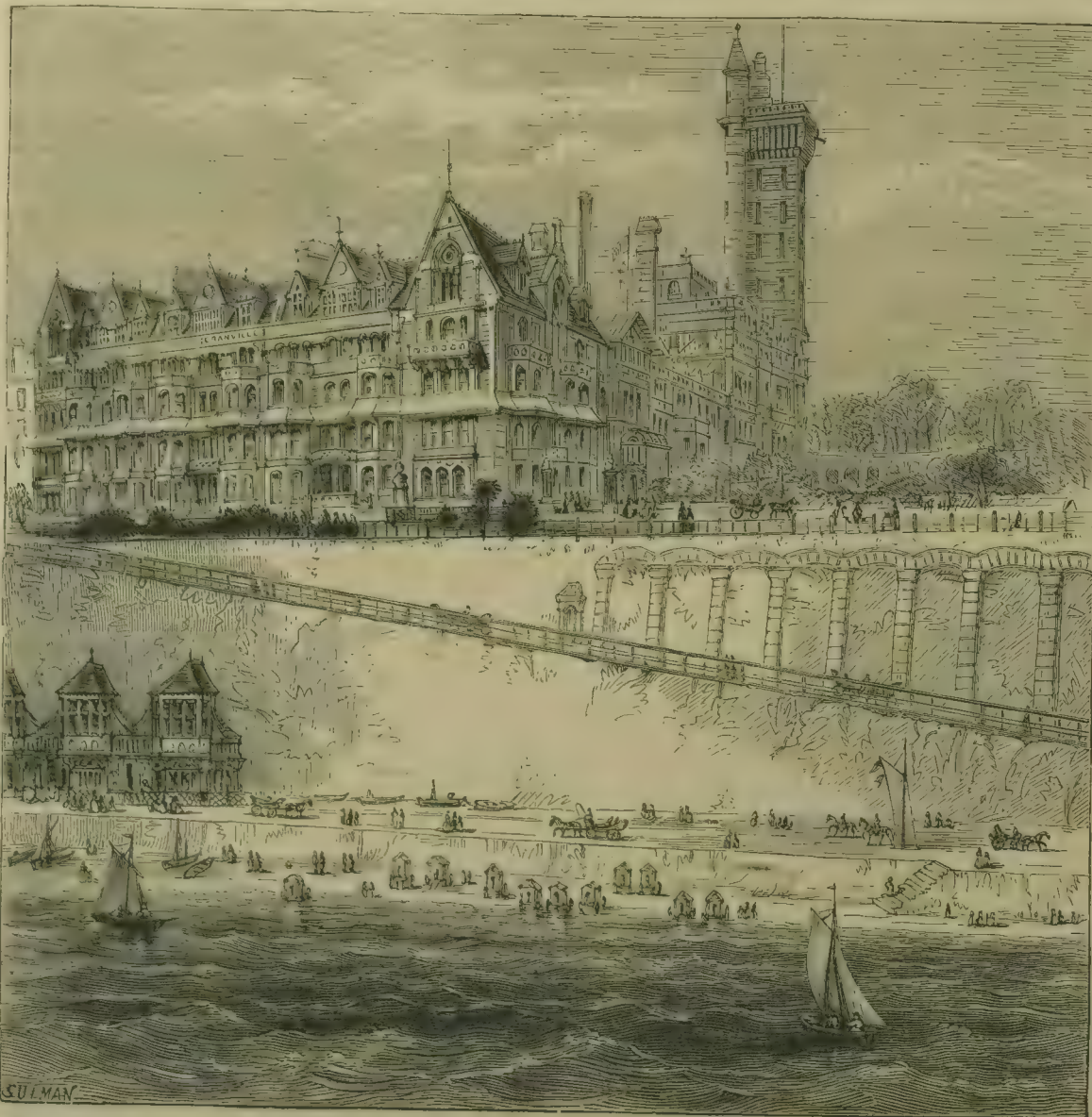
some men are making a valiant attempt to get rid of the uniform evening dress of their sex. At the meeting of the "Healthy and Artistic Dress Union," Mr. Halliday, the artist, who presided, and another man, put themselves on show in a "reformed" evening dress, the object being to show how attractive they were in colours and delicate fabrics. The coat was of rich dark velvet (one wore green, the other brown) faced with lighter silk, and the knee-breeches and stockings of coloured silk to match the facings; the coat was made with deep gauntlet cuffs and rolled collar of the silk. The vest was of brocade, and the small piece of shirt shown was of soft

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Opinions of the Press.

"The Granville at Ramsgate is flourishing; to judge by the run upon it. The hotel itself is a monument of reckless expenditure by that Early English architect, Mr. Pugin; but this, of course, is to the benefit of those who use it. The food, which used to be so-so, is now excellent; the air is so fresh and crisp, even during the spell of hot weather, that eating is a positive pleasure."—*Truth*.

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As a health resort St. Lawrence-on-Sea stands pre-eminent. Notwithstanding the prevalence of influenza more or less in all South Coast seaside resorts, not a single death was registered for the week ending Dec. 26, 1891, with a normal population of 25,000 in addition to visitors.

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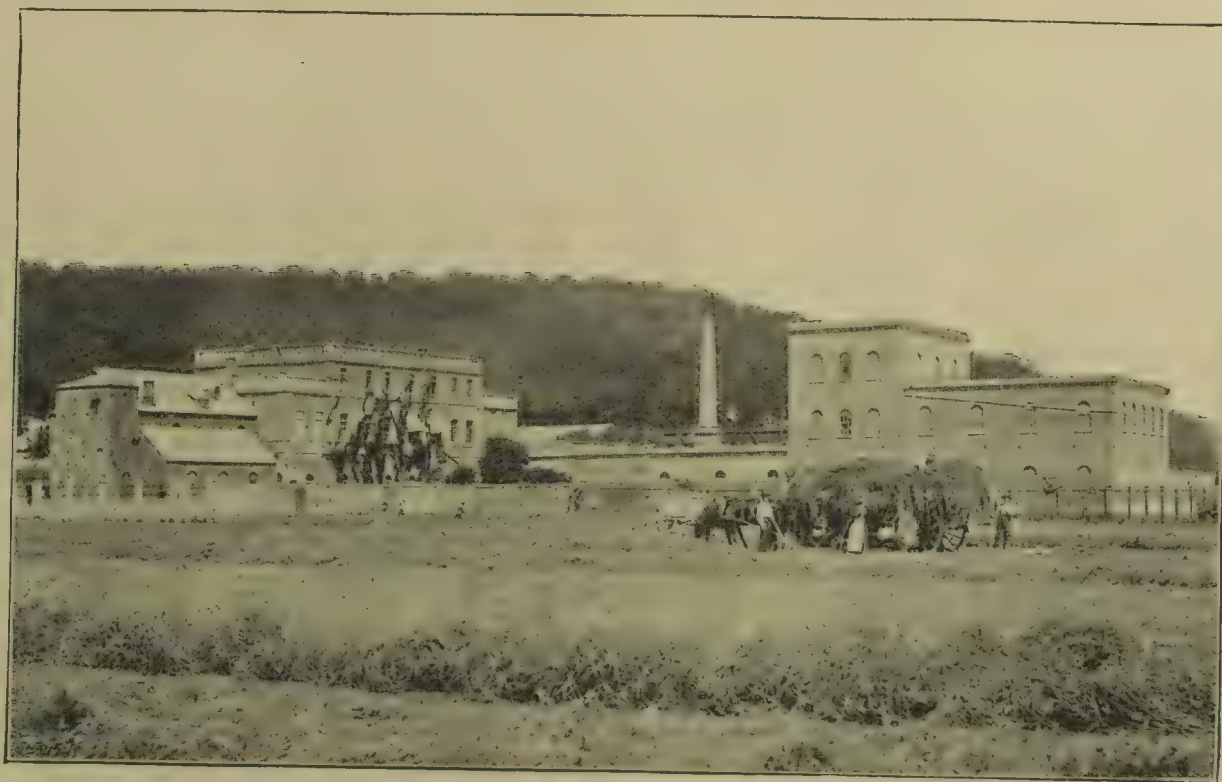
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white silk, finished with a tie of white silk edged with lace. There can be no doubt that many men would look very handsome in such a costume, and it is a pity to see how dull and undecorative are gatherings in which the other sex largely figure. To have seen great State functions, such as the Jubilee service, when nearly all the men were in some uniform or official robes, enables one to appreciate the benefit to the eye of male decorative dress. But against the pleasure to the eye that such a change would afford must be placed the consideration that I have mentioned above—the advantage to purse and time and the freedom from anxiety that the present uniform evening dress, though ugly, gives its wearers. I am afraid it is too busy and too democratic a world to let us have the pleasure of seeing our favourite men attired in coats that would fetch out their complexions, vests that would show off their figures, and stockings that would charm our gaze!

I alluded last week to a proposal to alter the incidence of the income-tax on wage-earning married women. Since I wrote, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has accepted Mr. Grove's proposal, which has accordingly passed into law. Henceforth, when the income of a married couple jointly does not exceed £500 a year, and providing it comes from the earnings of both and not from investments, the two sums will be separately assessed to income-tax. Thus, if a man earns £300 a year and his wife £150, the wife's income will not have to pay income-tax at all, since the limit of total exemption is now raised to £160. The husband will be allowed £160 off his own earnings for remission, for this is the amount allowed for incomes under £400; and will have to pay duty on the remaining £140 only. He will therefore pay under the new Budget for his family income, at 8d. in the pound, £4 13s.; while under the old law he would have had to pay £15. This is no small matter to working people of the class—the poorer middle class—that is most put upon and least considered, as a rule, in any State arrangements. There is no reason, of course, why an old couple who have both saved, and have got a similar income for old age out of their mutual investments, should have their income lumped together for the higher taxation to fall on them, any more than while they are at work. But in all these matters the poor Chancellor of the Exchequer has not only to think of what is abstractedly right and fair and desirable, but of how he is to get the money that he must find to meet the liabilities already voted for by Parliament. It is during the working life that children have to be supported and educated; and the parents helped in this task, so far as this income-tax reduction goes, will be duly grateful for the boon.

The Great Eastern Railway Company has added a fourth new steamer, the *Vienna*, to the *Amsterdam*, the *Berlin*, and the *Colchester*, recently built specially for the line from Harwich to the Hook of Holland, which is the most direct route to the north of Europe. These vessels, constructed of steel by Earle's Shipbuilding Company at Hull, are the most powerful and most rapid that perform a daily service between England and Continental ports.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 12, 1891) of Mr. Henry Wood, of Brooklands, Lewisham, Kent, who died on June 20, was proved on July 5 by Henry Thomas Wood and Alfred Augustus Wood, the sons, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £101,000. The testator bequeaths his outdoor effects, books, and some pictures to his son Henry Thomas; some pictures to his son Alfred Augustus and his daughter Mrs. Dobell; and the remainder of his furniture and effects to his daughter Miss Eliza Wood. He leaves £13,000, his undivided moiety of 21 and 22, Watling Street, and 7, Red Lion Court, and his copyhold property in the county of Lancaster, to his son Henry Thomas; £13,000 and his leasehold property at Paddington to his son John Julian; £13,000 and his freehold property near Forest Hill Station to his son Alfred Augustus; £13,000, upon trust, for his daughter Mary Ann Dobell; £13,000 to his daughter Eliza Wood; £3400 Liverpool Corporation Three-and-a-Half per Cent. Stock, upon trust, for his grandson Herbert Berners Townsend, for life, and then for his said three sons; £13,000, upon trust, for his five grandchildren, Ethel Mary, Edward Wilfred, Herbert Berners, Emily Alice, and George Harold Townsend, in equal shares; and some other legacies. The residue of his property he gives to his said five children in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 16, 1893) of Mr. George Fox, J.P., D.L., of Elmhurst Hall, near Lichfield, who died on May 29, was proved on July 16 by Arthur Frank Fox, the son, William Cobbett, and William Frederick Robinson, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £70,000. The testator leaves £1000, a further £1000 to purchase furniture, certain specified furniture, plate, books, pictures, linen, effects, and carriages, and his house and premises, Sunnyside, near Lichfield, to his wife; £25,000, upon trust, for her, for life, she maintaining the unmarried children of their marriage under twenty-three, and then for the children of their marriage as she shall appoint; £5000 each to the children of his said marriage; £11,000 to his son Henry George; sums amounting to £6000 to his son Arthur Frank; his leasehold premises, 15, Old Change, E.C., and the time policy thereon, upon trust, for his grandson, George Fox; £3000 to his son-in-law, Edmund Ashton; £2000 to his sister Susannah Constantia Layton; £1000 to his nieces Annie Folkard and Fanny Folkard; £1000 to his niece Kate Fox; £1000, upon trust, for Ellen Wingrave Cook, for life, and then for her daughter, Mary Cook; £100 to his executor, Mr. W. F. Robinson; and £100 each to the servants or employees in his house or on his estate who have been ten years in his service, with £5 for each additional year's service. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives equally between his son Arthur Frank and his sons-in-law William Cobbett and Edmund Ashton.

The will (dated July 12, 1892) of Mr. Edmund Hodgson Yates, one of H.M. Lieutenants for the City of London, of 1, York Street, Covent Garden, and 2, Eaton Gardens,

West Brighton, who died on May 20, at the Savoy Hotel, was proved on July 18 by Mrs. Louisa Katherine Yates, the widow, Joseph Charles Parkinson, and Squire Bancroft Bancroft, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £31,000. The testator bequeaths £500 and all the furniture, jewellery, plate, books, pictures, manuscripts, musical instruments, effects, horses and carriages, at 2, Eaton Gardens or any other dwelling-house he may possess at his decease, to his wife; £100 each to his sons; £150 to his friend and secretary, Edwin Thomas Simpson; £50 to his secretary, Albert Laker; and £50 each to his coachman, John Spencer, and his wife's maid, Fanny Cheriot. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, to pay three fourths of the income to his wife, for life, and one fourth to his four sons, in the proportion of two fifths to Frederick Henry Albert, and one fifth each to the others. At his wife's death he gives £6000, upon trust, for his son Frederick Henry Albert, and one fourth of the ultimate residue each to his sons, Frederick Henry Albert, Charles Dickens Theodore, Edmund Smedley, and Arthur Du Pasquier. As to his paper, the *World*, full powers are given to his trustees to carry the same on, and although he hopes that they will not do so, he empowers them to sell. When the net income from the *World* exceeds £4000 in any one year, five per cent., but not exceeding £100 each, on the excess, is to be paid to each of his trustees for their trouble. Provision is made for the establishing of a reserve fund by setting apart from ten to twenty per cent. of the income.

The will (dated Sept. 21, 1887), with four codicils (dated Sept. 6, 1890; June 24, 1892; April 25, 1893; and Jan. 29, 1894), of the Rev. William Bruce, J.P. (the brother of Lord Aberdare), of Brynderwen, Usk, Monmouthshire, who died on March 28, was proved on July 12 by Douglas Close Richmond, and the Ven. William Conybeare Bruce, Archdeacon of Monmouth, the son, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £31,000. The testator leaves all the wines and minerals in the parishes of Aberdare and Llannanno, Glamorganshire, that he has power to appoint, under certain settlements and his father's will or otherwise, to his son William Conybeare, subject to his paying one third of the net income each to his brothers, Alfred Crawford and Charles Rowland Henry, for their respective lives. There are various legacies and provisions for his wife and children, and legacies also to executors, servants, and others. As to the residue of his real and personal estate, he gives one third each, upon trust, for his sons, William Conybeare, Alfred Crawford, and Charles Rowland Henry.

The Irish probate, sealed at the Principal Registry, Dublin, of the will (dated Dec. 22, 1888), with a codicil (dated Oct. 12, 1889), of Mr. Loftus Henry Plunkett, of 57, Cork Street, Dublin, who died on March 9, granted to Patrick Reigh, one of the executors, was resealed in London on July 11, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to over £23,000. The testator gives to his partner, James Boydell, subject to some conditional

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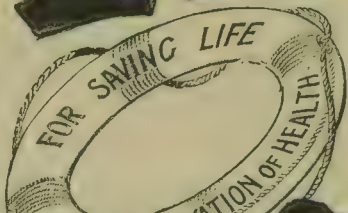
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All purchasers of this soap can exchange the Wrappers, at the Dealer's from whom they buy the soap, for BOOKS. A book bound in cardboard covers can be had for 8 LIFEBUOY SOAP Wrappers.

A Copy of this Book will be sent to each user of LIFEBUOY SOAP who sends his or her name and address and 12 LIFEBUOY SOAP Wrappers, postage or carriage paid, to LEVER BROS., Limited, Port Sunlight, near Birkenhead.

CONTENTS:—THE MISSING BAG: A Complete Story—INTRODUCTION TO THE 'SECRET OF HEALTH'—GUIDE TO HOME NURSING—GUIDE TO NURSING IN INFECTIOUS ILLNESSES—OUR DUTY TO OUR NEIGHBOUR—CHOLERA: HOW TO PREVENT IT—SPECIAL CHAPTER—A WORD OF WARNING—SICK DIET and FEEDING THE SICK—USEFUL HINTS FOR HEADS OF FAMILIES.

LEVER BROTHERS, Limited, Port Sunlight, nr. Birkenhead, have received the accompanying Report on LIFEBUOY ROYAL DISINFECTANT SOAP, from Dr. Karl Enoch, Chemisch, Hygienisches Inst., Hamburg.

REPORT.

The examination of the sample of 'Lifebuoy Royal Disinfectant Soap' furnished to me by Messrs. Lever Brothers, Limited, of Port Sunlight, England, gives the following results as to its action as a disinfectant.

Solutions of 1, 2, and 5 per cent. of Lifebuoy Royal Disinfectant Soap in water were made. These solutions were brought to bear on a variety of clean cultivated germs or microbes (Bacillus), in each case a certain exact time being allowed for the operation; and thus the capacity of this soap for destroying the various live and growing germs was proved.

THE RESULTS were as follows:

1.—The obstinate Typhoid Microbes, with the 5 per cent. solution, were dead within two hours.

2.—The operation of this soap on the Cholera Microbes was very remarkable, and showed this soap to be in the highest degree a disinfectant. These were taken from persons who had died of Cholera in Hamburg, and showed a result as follows:—

With the 2 per cent. mixture, Cholera Microbes were dead within 15 minutes. With the 5 per cent. same were dead within 5 minutes.

3.—The Diphtheria Microbes were killed after 2 hours with the 5 per cent. solution.

4.—The 5 per cent. solution was tried on fresh Carbuncle germs, and the result showed that the Microbe life was entirely extinct after 4 hours.

From the foregoing experiments it will be seen that the Lifebuoy Royal Disinfectant Soap is a powerful disinfectant and exterminator of the various germs and microbes of disease.

(Signed) KARL ENOCH, Chem. Hygien. Inst., Hamburg.

MERRYWEATHER & SONS' SYSTEM OF WATER SUPPLY TO COUNTRY MANSIONS.

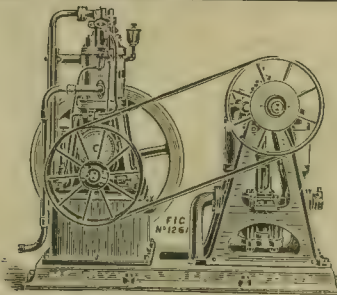
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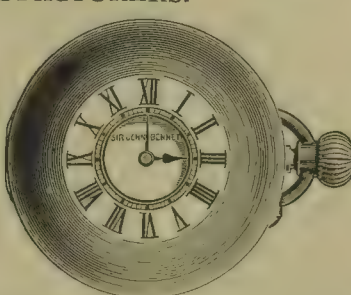
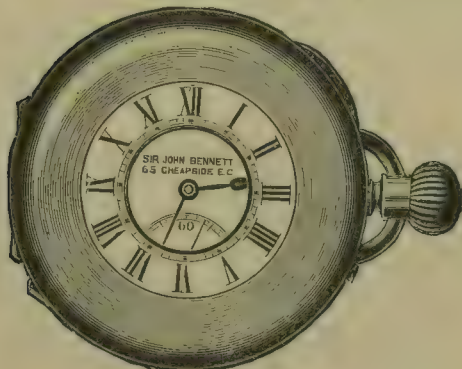
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payment thereout, all his share and interest in the capital and business of Michael O'Reilly and Co.; £2000 and policies of insurance for £2000 to Margaret Owen; and other legacies. He appoints his brother Randall Hurst Plunkett and his sister Maud Legh Kano residuary devisees and legatees.

The will (dated at Nice, Nov. 12-24, 1890), of Count Demetrius Karlovitch Nesselrode, Grand Steward of the Court of his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia, was proved in London on July 9 by Count Anatoli Demetrius Nesselrode, the son, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to £8386. All the property, personal as well as real, which he may die possessed of, the testator bequeaths and devises to his said son, a gentleman of the Emperor's bedchamber.

The will (dated April 25, 1887), with two codicils (dated July 27, 1887, and March 2, 1893), of the Right Hon. William Monsell, Baron Emly of Tervoe, county Limerick, who died on April 21, was proved on July 10 by Gaston Thomas Monsell, Lord Emly, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to £6244. The testator gives £200 per annum, charged upon his lands of Tervoe, in addition to her jointure of £800 per annum, and the right to occupy, for life, his mansion house Tervoe, with the use of the plate, books, pictures, furniture, and effects, to his wife, Berthe, Lady Monsell; all

his freehold hereditaments in the city of Dublin, to his son; a perpetual annual sum of £20 charged on his lands of Tervoe for the benefit of the poor of the congregation of the Roman Catholic church of the said parish in memory of his late wife; and a house and land in the parish of Kilkeedy to the Roman Catholic parish priest of Ballybrown, county Limerick, on condition that certain weekly masses are said. He also bequeaths £300 to his wife; £200 to his daughter-in-law; and makes a provision for his daughter. All the residue of his manors, messuages, lands, hereditaments, tenements, and real estate he devises to the use of his son for life; then to trustees to provide a jointure for his son's wife, with remainder to his first and other sons successively in tail male. The residue of his personal estate he gives to his son.

The will of François Joseph Emmanuel de Guignard de St. Priest, Duc d'Almazan, of the Château de St. Saens, Lower Seine, France, who died on March 17, was proved in London on July 12 by Mlle. Louise Emilie Marguerite de Guignard de St. Priest, the daughter and universal legatee, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to £1734.

The will (dated Jan. 20, 1885) of Mr. William Pratten, of 13, Cotham Park, Bristol, who died on March 20, was proved at the Bristol District Registry on June 25 by Charles Daniel Cave, the value of the personal estate

amounting to £1482. The testator bequeaths £500 each to his late foreman, Edward Forty, and his friend William Jones; £600 each to his servants, Martha Witcomb and Martha Jane Trapnell, if in his service at his decease; and £100 to Thomas Parsons, formerly in his service. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to be equally divided between the Bristol Royal Infirmary and the Bristol General Hospital.

The will of Annie Baroness von Würzburg, of Bamberg, Bavaria, who died on June 11, was proved in London on July 13 by Major Lord Edmund Talbot, the nephew, the executor for England, the value of the personal estate amounting to £879.

The new recreation-grounds, named "Meath Gardens," formed by the Metropolitan Public Gardens Association, on the site of the old Victoria Park Cemetery, near Bethnal Green, were opened by the Duke of York on Friday, July 20. His Royal Highness was met there by the Earl of Meath, president of the Association, Sir John Hutton, Chairman of the London County Council, and the members of the Bethnal Green Vestry. The ground, over eleven acres in extent, has been laid out at a cost of £3000; part of the expense has been borne by the London County Council. The cemetery was closed eighteen years ago.

ALWAYS YOUNG!



ALWAYS FAIR!

KEEPS THE
SKIN COOL
AND
REFRESHED
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HOTTEST
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Beware of
Injurious
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IT ENTIRELY REMOVES AND PREVENTS ALL

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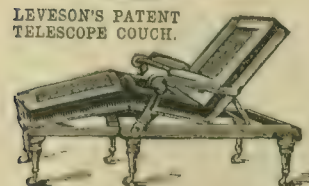
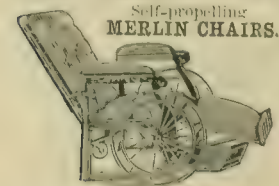
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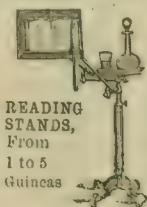
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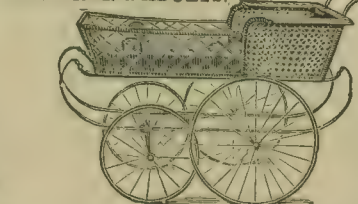
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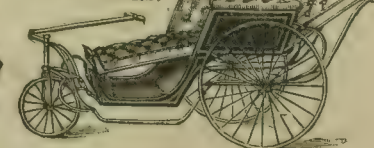
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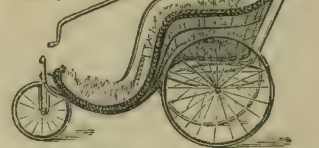
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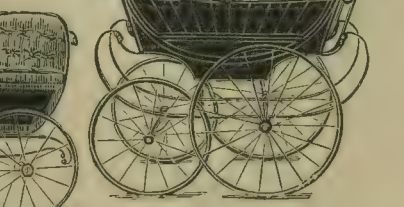
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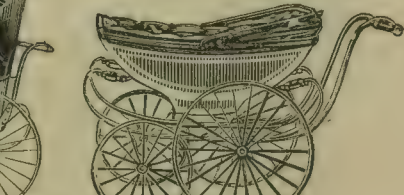
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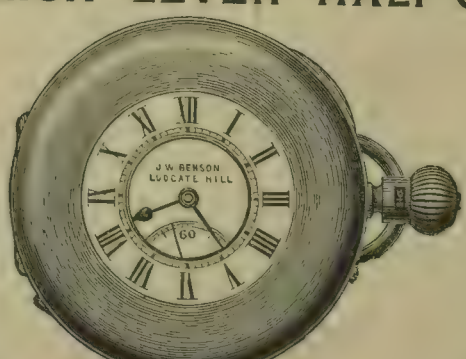
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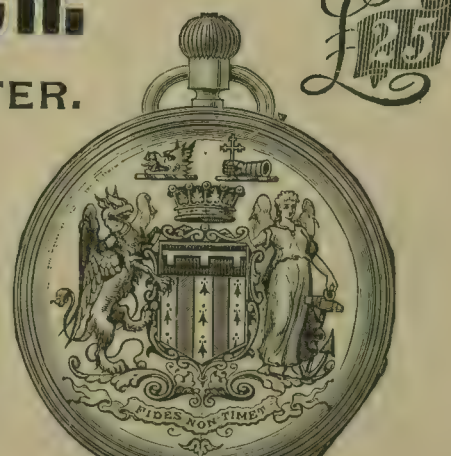
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The Hunting Editor of *Land and Water* says: "After having the watch a few weeks in my possession, I pronounced it far and away the most satisfactory timekeeper I ever possessed. I have no hesitation in saying I not only believe in the capability of Messrs. Benson's 'Field' Watch to resist sudden changes of temperature, but in its powers to resist hard whacks and yet keep good time." *Land and Water*, April 7, 1894.

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From Victoria 6.35 a.m., 8.40 a.m., 10.30 a.m., 11.35 a.m., 1.45 p.m., 3.55 p.m., and 5.55 p.m., also at 7.15 p.m., and 9.20 p.m., for Portsmouth only, all calling at Clapham Junction.
From Kensington (Addison Road) 6.5 a.m., 8.29 a.m., 10.10 a.m., 11.10 a.m., 1.25 p.m., 3.40 p.m., and 4.20 p.m., also at 6.50 p.m. and 8.45 p.m. for Portsmouth only, all calling at West Brompton and Chelsea.
From London Bridge 6.45 a.m., 10.25 a.m., 11.40 a.m., 1.50 p.m., 4 p.m., and 4.55 p.m., also at 7.25 p.m. and 9.25 p.m. for Portsmouth only.

SATURDAY, JULY 28, and MONDAY, JULY 30, SPECIAL FAST TRAINS FROM VICTORIA, for Fulbourn, Midhurst, Singleton, Arundel, Liphams, Bognor, Drayton, Chichester, Havant, Southsea, and Portsmouth (for the Isle of Wight).
SPECIAL TRAINS FOR SERVANTS, HORSES, and CARRIAGES only, will leave Victoria, SATURDAY, JULY 28, at 7.45 a.m. and 6.30 p.m., and MONDAY, JULY 30, at 6.40 a.m., 7.45 a.m., and 6.30 p.m.
Horses and Carriages for the above Stations will not be conveyed by any other Trains from Victoria on these days.

ON ALL FOUR DAYS OF THE RACES
A SPECIAL TRAIN (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) will leave Victoria 7.20 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 7.5 a.m., London Bridge 7.20 a.m. for Drayton and Chichester. Return fares, 22s. 6d., 16s., and 10s. 10d.
A SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (3rd Class only) will leave Victoria 8.40 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 8.25 a.m., Clapham Junction 8.45 a.m., London Bridge 8.40 a.m., direct to Singleton, arriving about 11 a.m. Return Fare 10s. 3d.
A SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (1st and 2nd Class) will leave Victoria 9 a.m., Kensington (Addison Road) 8.40 a.m., and London Bridge 9 a.m. for Drayton and Chichester. Return Fares, 28s. and 20s.
AN EXTRA SPECIAL FAST TRAIN (1st Class only) will leave Victoria 9.45 a.m. for Drayton and Chichester. Return Fare, 30s.
TICKETS may be obtained previously at the London Bridge and Victoria Stations, and at the West End General Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, which offices will remain open till 10 p.m. on July 27, 28, 30, 31, and Aug. 1 and 2.

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Victoria	a.m. p.m.	Paris (St. Lazare) dep.	a.m. p.m.
London Bridge .. .	dep. 9.0 8.50	London Bridge .. .	arr. 9.30 9.0
Paris (St. Lazare) ..	p.m. a.m.	Victoria	arr. 7.0 7.40
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Excursion Tickets (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) will also be issued by the above Express Night Service, leaving Victoria 8.50 p.m., and London Bridge 9 p.m., on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, Aug. 1 to 6 inclusive.
Returning from Paris by the above 8.0 p.m. Night Service only on any day within fourteen days of the date of departure. Fares, First Class, 38s. 3d.; Second Class, 30s. 3d.; Third Class, 28s.
First and Second Class Excursion Passengers may return by the Day Express Service from Paris 9.30 a.m. on payment of 4s. 9d. and 3s. respectively.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS see Time Books and Handbills to be obtained at the stations, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained: West-End General Offices, 28, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; Cook's Office, Ludgate Circus; and Gaze's Office, 142, Strand.
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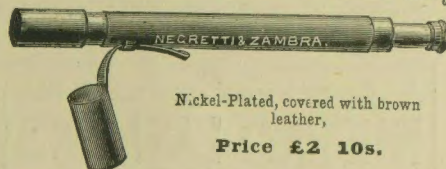
will never fade from my memory; and a friend of mine who passed through the same district many months afterwards, informed me that my fame as a 'medicine man' had not died out."

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M O N T E C A R L O .

THE SEASON.

The winter season on the Riviera is rendered much more enjoyable by the facilities of access to Monaco and Monte Carlo, with the multitude of quick trains on the double line of railway between Nice and Mentone, enabling parties to return, after a performance at a theatre or a concert, or in the evening after dinner, to any of the towns on the coast where visitors are accustomed to sojourn.

The Monte Carlo Theatre, under the able director, M. Raoul Gunsbourg, opened this season with "Niniche," in which Judic achieved a success equal to that of her best days, assisted by a company all of whom gained their share of applause; the aristocratic and fashionable audience comprised many who came to Monte Carlo from Nice and Cannes, and from Mentone; among those present were the Grand Duchess Peter of Russia and the Grand Duchess of Leuchtenberg.

The programme of the Monte Carlo Theatre continued with "La Fille de Madame Angot," performed by Mesdames Montuzon and Gilberte, Messrs. David and Paul Bert; "Mon Prince," by Audran; and "Ruy Blas," with Mounet-Sully, on Jan. 9. The director had secured the first representation, out of Paris, of "Mon Prince," which in the capital had achieved so great a success.

The programme from March 10 to April 1 consisted of two representations every week in the following order: "Samson et Dalila," by Saint-Saens, with Madame Deschamps-Jehin, Salza and Fabre; "La Sonnambula," Madame Marcella Sembrich, Messrs. Queyria and Boudouresque, fils; "Amy Robsart," by Isidore de Lara, with Madame Sembrich and Messrs. Melchisedec and Queyria; "Rigoletto," "La Fille du Régiment"; and on April 17, to close, "Les Dragons de Villars," performed by Mlle. Elven, M. Queyria, and M. Boudouresque, fils.

In the meantime, on March 15, the above list of entertainments at the theatre was accompanied by other interesting proceedings at Monte Carlo.

There are the Conférences to be held by M. Francisque Sarcey.

Twice a week, Thursday and Sunday, there are the Classical and International Concerts, under the competent direction of M. Arthur Steuk.

Every day will have its artistic performance and attraction.

The International Fine Arts Exhibition, opened on Jan. 16, is superior to those of past years, in the choice and value of the works collected, paintings by great masters, and in the arrangements made by the efforts of the distinguished president, M. Georges de Dramard.

Her Serene Highness Princess Alice has accepted the honorary presidency of the committee of patrons and patronesses. Among the names are Messrs. Bonnat, Gérôme, Jules Lefebvre, Detaille, and Barrias, of the Institut, Bartholdi-Burne-Jones, Carolus Duran, Edelfelt, Sir Frederick Leighton, De Madrazo, Paolo Michetti, Munkacsy, and Alfred Stevens. The managing committee, with M. de Dramard, have been able to collect examples of the most esteemed French and foreign artists.

Monte Carlo has other recreations and pastimes; it affords lawn tennis, pigeon-shooting, fencing, and various sports, exercises, and amusements; besides the enjoyment of sunshine and pure air in the marvellously fine climate, where epidemic diseases are unknown.

Visitors coming to Monte Carlo, if it be only for one day or a few hours, find themselves in a place of enchanting beauty and manifold delight. Breakfasting or dining at one of the renowned establishments here, and meeting persons of their acquaintance, they find all the gaiety of Parisian life, while scenes of fairyland, at every turn and every glance, are presented to the eye, and winter here does not exist.

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"Holborn."

OBITUARY.

THE MARQUIS OF HEADFORT.

Sir Thomas Taylour, Marquis of Headfort, K.P., P.C., died at his residence in Belgrave Square on July 22. He was eldest son of Thomas, the second Marquis, and was born Nov. 1, 1822. His great-grandfather, Sir Thomas Taylour, Bart., was created, in 1766, Earl of Bective, in the Peerage of Ireland, and on the institution of the order of



St. Patrick, in 1783, he was installed as a Knight, since which time the head of the family has had in each instance the ribbon of the order conferred upon him. In 1800 Thomas, Earl of Bective, the grandfather of the late Marquis, was created Marquis of Headfort in the Peerage of Ireland. The late Marquis represented before his father's death the county of Westmorland in Parliament. He married first, in 1842, Amelia, only child of Mr. William Thompson, of Underley Hall, in the county of Westmorland, M.P., and by her had one son, Thomas, Earl of Bective, for many years M.P. for Westmorland, who married, in 1867, Lady Alice Maria, only daughter of Arthur, Marquis of Downshire, but he died Dec. 15, 1893, without male issue. The Marquis married secondly, in 1875, Emily Constantia, eldest daughter of the Rev. Lord John Thynne, and widow of Captain Eustace John Wilson-Patten, and by her he leaves issue an only son, Geoffrey

Thomas, now Marquis of Headfort, who was born in 1878.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Dame Elizabeth Dumbreck on July 13. She was daughter of Mr. George Gibson, of Leith. In 1844 she married Sir David Dumbreck, M.D., K.C.B., who died in 1876.

Dame Louisa Ellis, at Southsea, on July 17. She was widow of Lieutenant-General Sir Samuel Burdon Ellis, K.C.B.

The Hon. Mrs. Venables-Vernon, at 1, Widcombe Crescent, Bath, on July 17. This lady was daughter of General the Hon. Sir Edward Paget, G.C.B. She married, in 1853, the Hon. and Rev. John Venables-Vernon, Rector of Nuthall and Kirkby, Notts, who died in 1875.

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FLORIDA WATER



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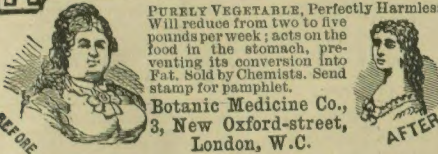
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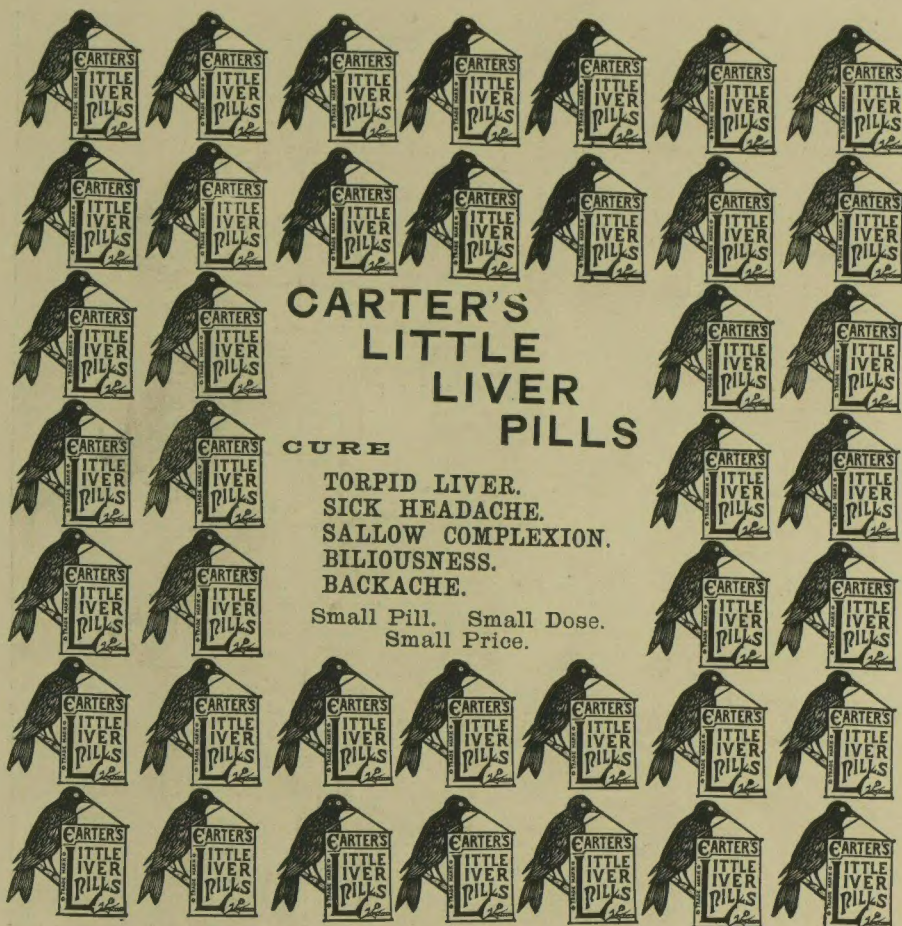
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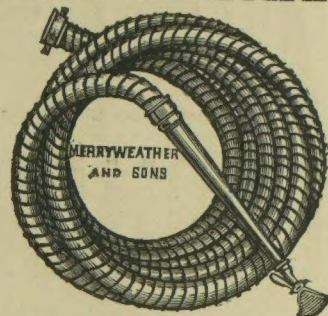


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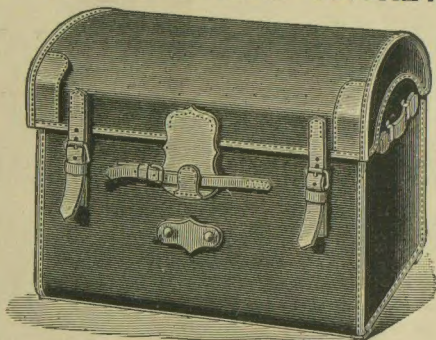
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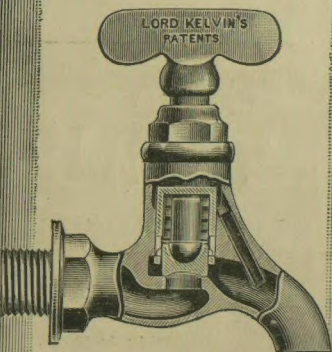
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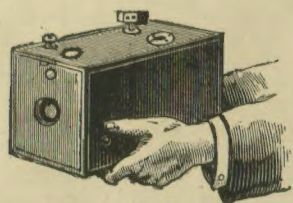


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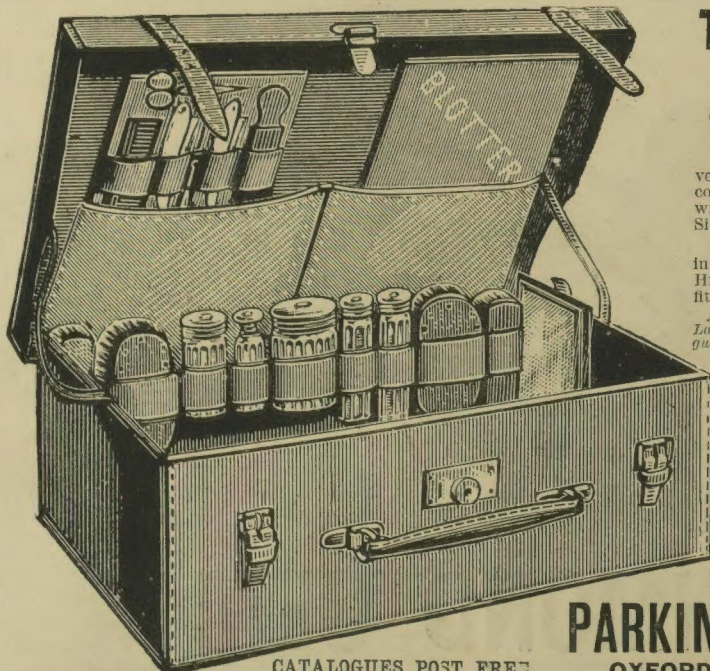
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